

Rosalynd.

EVPHVES GOLDEN

Legacie, found after his death in
his Cell at Silixedra.

BEQVEATHED TO PHILAUTUS

Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father
in England.

Fetched from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.



LONDON

Printed for N. Lyng, and T. Gubbins.

1598.

Rosalind.

EVERHUES GOLDEN

Legacy found after his death in

his Cell at Silchester.

BEQUESTED TO PHILANTHROPIST

Sonnet written by his Father
in England.

First printed in London by T. L. G.



LONDON

Printed for M. L. G. and T. G. G.

1798.



To the right Honourable and his most
esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain
of her maiesties household, and gouernour of the Towne of
Bairwicke: T. L. G. wiltheth increafe of all
honourable vertues.



Vch Romaines (right Honourable) as delighted
in Martiall exploits, attempted their action in the
honour of *Augustus*, because hee was a patron of
souldiours: & *Virgill* disguised with his poems as a
Mæcenæ of scholars, both ioyntly advancing his
royaltie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to *Pall-*
as, present her with Bayes as she is wise, and with Armes as she
is valiant: obseruing herein that excellent *repreon*, which de-
dicateth honours according to the perfection of the person.
When I entred (right honourable) with a deepe insight into
the consideration of these premises, seeing your Lordship to be
a Patron of all martiall men, and a *Mæcenæ* of such as applie
themselues to studie, wearing with *Pallas* both the launce and
the bay, and aiming with *Augustus* at the fauour of all, by the ho-
nourable vertues of your mind, being my selfe first a student, &
afterwards falling from bookes to armes, euen vowed in all my
thoughts dutifully to affect your Lordship. Having with Cap-
taine *Clarke* made a voyage to the Ilands of *Terceras* and the
Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writte this booke:
rough, as hacht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in
the surges of many perilous seas. But as it is the worke of a
Souldiour and a Scholler, I presume to shrowde it vnder your
Honours patrouage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of al
vertuous actions, and whose honourable loues growne from the

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

generall applause of the whole commonwea'th for your higher
deserts, may keep it from the malice of euerie bitter tongue.
Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in
me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as being scholler with
your noble sonnes, maister *Edmund Carew*, and maister *Robert
Carew*, (two sient worthy of so honourable a tree, and a tree glo-
rious in such honourable fruit) as also being scholler in the Vni-
uersitie vnder that learned and vertuous knighr, Sir *Edward
Hobby*, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered as
well borne, and after the Etymologie of his name, soaring as
high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euerie
way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so ver-
tuous a lady. Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to
the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the
father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force
must be more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with
the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my
Booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreate your Honour will
vouch of my labors, and fauour a souldiers and a schollers Pen
with your gracious acceptance, who answeres in affection what
wants in eloquence; so deuoted to your honor, as his only desire
is to ende his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a

Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships courtesie,

in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease,

wishing you as many honourable for-

tunes as your Lordship can

desire, or I ima-

gine.

Your honours Souldiour most

humbly affectionate.

Thomas Lodge.



To the Gentlemen

Readers.



Entlemen, looke not here to find any sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Laurent, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent Orator: Nolo altum sapere, they be matters aboue my capacitie: the Coblers checke shall neuer light on my head, Ne sutor ultra crepidam, I will go no further then the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps finde some leaues of Venus myrtle, but hewen downe by a souldiour with his curtaxe, not bought with the allurements of a filed tongue. To bee brieffe Gentlemen, roome for a souldiour and a sailer, that giues you the fruits of his labour that hee wrote in the Ocean, where euerie line was wet with a surge, and euerie humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it so, and yet I will bee yours in dutie, if you bee mine in fauour. But if Momus or any disquieted asse, that hath mightie eares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little to iudge: if hee come aboard our Barke to find fault with the tackling when he knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollux, that sawe no sun this seauen yeares, and either will be-baste him, or heaue the cockescomb ouerboard so feed Cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauor must, backbite none, and pardon what is oversight, let such come and welcome, Ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch them a kan of our best beuerage. Well Gentlemen, you haue Euphues Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceira, and therefore reade it, censure with fauour, and farewell.

Yours T.L.



The Scedule annexed to Euphues

Testament, the tenour of his Legacie, the
token of his loue.

THe vehemency of my sicknesse, Philautus, hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet must I die in counsailling thee like Socrates, because I loue thee. Thou hast sonnes by Camelia as I heare, who being yong in yeares, haue greene thoughts, and nobly borne, hauing great mindes: bende them in youth like the willow, least thou bewaile them in their age for their wilfulnesse. I haue bequeathed them a Golden Legacie, because I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as Archelaus did Cassander, to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the best methode. They shall find loue anotomized by Euphues, with as liuely colours as in Appelles table: Roses to whip him when hee is wanton, reason to withstand him when he is wisie.

Here may they reade that vertue is the king of labour, opinion the mistress of fooles, that vanitie is the pride of nature, contentation the overthrow of families: here is Elleborus bitter in taste but beneficiall in triall. I haue nothing to send thee and Camelia but this counsell, that in steede of worldly goods, you leaue your sonnes vertue and glorie: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, then lords of your manors. I feele death that summons me to my graue, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewell Philautus, and let the tenour of my counsell be applyed to thy childrens comfort.

J. I. 2110 Y

Euphues dying to liue.

If any man find this scrowle, send it to Philautus in England.

Rosalynd



Rosalynde.



There dwelled adioyning to the Cittie of Burdeaux a Knight of most honourable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with many fauours, and Nature honozed with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellencie of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in desciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of al ciuill gouernement: and to make his wisdom more gracious, hee had that *saletyng* and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Vysses: his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroake of his launce no lesse forcible, then the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive: for he was for his courage chosen the principal of al the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, hauing passed the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course, grew aged: his haire was siluer hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: Honour sat in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that al men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir Iohn, that with the Whetstone knew the tearme of his life was now expired, and could with the Swanne discover his end by his songs, hauing three sonnes by his wife Lynida, the very pride of his forepassed yeares, thought now, seeing death by constraint would compel him to leaue them, to bestow vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and encrease their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him, in the presence of al his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leaue them a memorial of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherly duties. Hauing therefore death

Euphues

in his lookes to moue them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paine out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus.

Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux Legacie he
gaue to his sonnes,

O my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined a final ende of my dayes: the Palme tree waxeth awayward, for he flourisheth in his bright, & my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age, I must to my graue that dischargeth all cares, and leaue you to the world that increaseth many sorowes: my silver haire containeth great experience, and the number of my yeares haue pend downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some saving pelfe to counterchecke pouertie, so I wil bequeath you infallible precepts that shal leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladin the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be ingrauen as wel the excellencie of thy Fathers qualities, as the essential forme of his proportion, to thee I giue foureteene plough lands, with all my Mannour houses and richest plate. Next, vnto Ferdinande I bequeath twelue plough lands: But vnto Rosader the yongest I giue my Horse, my Armour, and my Lance, with sixteene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be discourred by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceede you all in bountie and hono^r. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigal to spend, as I haue bene careful to get, your friends wil grieue to see you more wasteful then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin in your excessse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the same of my vertues the Loadestone to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deeds by my honorable indures, and shew your selues siens worthy of so flourishing a tree: lest as the birds Halcyons which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceede in blacknesse. Climbe not my sons, aspyring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they which stare at the stars, stumble vpon the stones: & such as gaze at the Sunne (vlesse they be Eagle-eyed) shal blinde. Soare not
with

golden Legacie

with the Hobby, least you fall with the Larkem; attempt not with Phaeton, least you downe with Icarus. Fortune when she wills you to flie, tempers your plumes with ware, & therfore either sit still and make no wing, or else beware the Sun, and holde Dedalus axiome authentical (*Medium tenuisse tutissimum.*) Lowe shrubs and deepe roote, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune looks euer upward, and enuy aspireth to nestle with dignity. Take heed my sons, the meane is sweetest melody, where strings stretch high, either soon crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care bee your harts content, and think that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common-weale, & faithful to your friends, so shal France say, these men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a precious iewel, within whose bosome you may vnload your sorrow, and vnfolde your secrets, and he either wil relieue with counsel, or perswade with reason: but take heede in the choise, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Balenders of truth. When the Lequorice leafe looketh most drie, then it is most wet: when the Hoxes of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baatan leafe the more faire it lookes, the more infectious it is, & in the sweetest words is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sons, choose a friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the Rampe before they be currant: so trie and then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them vp for iewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardice is the enemy to honour: but not too rash, for that is extreme. Fortitude is the meanes, and that is limited within bonds, & prescribed with circumstance. But aboue al, & with that be fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Loue for it is far more perillous then pleasant, and yet I tel you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, & beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne, perisb with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend liberty, yet there is nothing but losse & glittering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanity, and his arrowes where they pierce, inforce nothing but desires: a womans eye, as it is precious to behold, so is it prejudicial to gaze vpon: for as it affordeth delight, so it snar-

Euphues

reth vnto death. Trust not their fawning fauours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon Steele, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, & their passions are as momentarie as the colours of a Holipe, which changeth at the sight of euery object. My breath waxeth short and mine eyes waxe dimme, the houre is come, and I must away: therfore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therfore if you loue, choose one that hath eyes of Adamant, that will turne onely to one poynt, her heart of a Diamond that well receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Serbin leafe, that neuer wags but with a southeast wind: and yet my sons, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent: yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou find in hir sufficient vanity to counteruaile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes, euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my threed is spun, and my foot is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them be lodged in the secret of your hearts: for wisdom is better then wealth, & a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall, see my sonnes, the follie of man, that being dustt mixt with Brases, to reach at the heauens, and reade euery minute to die yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest day of his praies but a hauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be carefull that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee full of admirable honors: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put obliuion to exile with thine honourable actions. But my sons, lest you should forget your fathers axioms, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying wils you to execute liuing. At this he shynke downe in his bed and gaue vp the ghost.

John of Burdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sonnes, and bewailed of his friends, especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladine caused nere his epitaph, the contents of the scroule to bee pourtraied out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the scedule which sir Iohn of
Burdeaux gaue his sonnes.

MY sonnes behold what portion I do giue.
I leaue you goods, But they are quickly lost:

I leaue

golden Legacie

I leaue aduise, to schoole you how to ouer,
I leaue you wit, but won with litle cost:
But keepe it well: for counsell still is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choise of thrift, let honour be your gaine,
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might:
In doing good, esteeme thy trouble no painey

Protect the fatherles and widowes right.
Fight for thy faith, thy Country and thy King,
For why? this thrift wil proue a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, prefer the modest chaste,
Lillies are faire in shew, but soule in smell:
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast,
Then chose thy wife by wit, and liuing wel,
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beliefe,
A painted tongue, may shroud a subtil heart:
The Syrens teares, doe threaten mickle grieve,
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart,
Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,
When richer growen, befriend you him againe.

Learn with the Ant in summer to provide,
Drue with the Bee, the Droane from out the hie:
Build like the Swallow, in the summer tide,
Spare not too much, (my sonnes) but sparing thriue,
Be poore in folly, rich in al but sinne:
So by your death, your glory shal beginne.

Saladine hauing thus set by the Scedule, and hangd about his
fathers hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose
him to be passing sorrowful, beclad himself & his brothers all in black,
and in such sable lutes discoursed his grieve: but as the Hiera when
she mourns is the most guiltfull, so Saladine vnder the shew of grieue

Euphues

boweth her heart full of contented thoughts. The Tyger though he
hide his claws, wil at last discouer his rapine, the Lions looks are
not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans silnomy is not the display
of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man
so conceald, but at last it wil haue his course, nature and art may do
much, but that *Natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingrafted in
the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old
verse: *Naturam expellas furca licet vsque reuertet.*

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past,
he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequea-
thed more to his younger brothers then to himselfe, that Rosader
was his fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition, that as yet they
were not come to yeares, and hee being their gardaine might (if not
defraude them of their due) yet make such hauocke of their legacies
and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: wherupon he
began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

Saladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed
with a world of restless passions, hauing thy mind troubled with
the tenour of thy fathers testament; & thy hart fired with the hope of
present preferment: by the one thou art counsell'd to content thee with
thy fortunes: by the other perswaded to aspire to higher wealth.
Riches (Saladine) is a great roialtie, & there is no sweeter phisick
then soze. Auicen like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say that
gold was the most precious restorative, & that treasure was the most
excellent medicine of the mind. Oh Saladine, what were thy fathers
precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his
principles? did he not warne thee from coueting without honoz, and
climbing without vertue? did he not forbid thee to aime at any action
that should not be honourable? and what will be more prejudicial to
thy credit, then the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperitie? and
wilt thou become the subuersor of their fortunes? is there any swee-
ter thing then concord, or a more precious iewel then amitie? are
you not sons of one father, siens of one tree, birds of one nest? and
wilt thou become so vnnatural as to rob them whom thou shouldst
relieve? Now Saladine, intreate them in fauours, and entertaine
them with love, so shalt thou haue thy conscience cleare, and thy re-

nowne

golden Legacie.

nowne excellent. Cuth, what words are these base foole, far vnfit
(if thou bee wise) for thy honour. What though thy father at his
death talked many frivolous matters, as one that noted for age,
and raued in his sicknesse, shall his words be axioms, & his talke be
so authentickall, and thou wilt [to obserue them] p̄iudice thy selfe?
No, no Saladine, sick mens wils that are parole, & haue neither hād
nor seale, are like the laws of a citie written in dust, which are bro-
ken with the blast of euerie wind. What man thy father is dead, &
he can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: there-
fore bury his words with his carcasle, and be wise for thy selfe: what
tis not so old as true: *Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.*

Thy brother is yong, keepe him now in awe, make him not check
mate with thy selfe: for,

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him know little, so shal he not be able to execute much, sup-
presse his wits with a base estate, and though he be a Gentleman by
nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nurture: so
shalt thou keepe him a slaue, and raigne thy selfe sole lord ouer all
thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandine thy middle brother, he
is a scholler, and hath no mind but on Aristotle, lette him reade on
Galen, while thou rifest with gold, and pore on his booke till thou
dost purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning it is
inough, and so lette al rest.

In this humor was Saladine making his brother Rosadar his
foot boy, for the space of two or three years, keeping him in such ser-
uile subiection, as it had bin the sonne of any country vassall. The
yong gentleman bare al with patience, till on a day walking in the
garden by himselfe, hee beganne to consider how he was the sonne of
John of Burdeaux, a Knight renowned in many victories, and a
gentleman famoused for his vertues, who contrarie to the testamēt
of his father, he was not oulie kept from his land, and intreated as a
seruant, & smothered in such secret slauerie, as he might not attaine
to any honorable actions. Alas quoth he to himselfe (nature working
these effectual passions) why shuld I that am a gentlemā borne,
passe my time in such vnnatural d̄udgerie? were it not better either
in Paris to become a scholer, or in the court a courtier, or in the field
a souldior, then to liue a foot boy to mine owne brother: nature hath
lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denied me art to contem-

Euphues

plate: I haue strength to perfoyme any honorable exploit, but no li-
bertie to accomplish my vertuous indeuours: those good parts
that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuie of my brother doth smo-
ther vp in obscuritie, the harder is my fortune, and the more his pro-
wardnes. With that casting vp his hand, he felt haire on his face, &
perceiuing his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, & swore to
himselfe he would be no more subiect to such slaerie. As thus hee
was ruminating of his melancholy passions, in came Saladine with
his men, & seeing his brother in a browne studie, and to forget his
wonted reuerence, thought to wake him out of his dumps thus.
Sirra (quoth he) is your mind on your halspenie, or are you saying a
Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner ready? At this que-
stion Rosader turning his head askance, and bending his browes as
if anger there had plowed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes
full of fire, he made this replie. Dost thou aske me (Saladine) for
thy Cates: aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office?
I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth, and though thou
hast more cardes in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in my hands
as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou feld my
woods, spoiled my manour houses, and made hauocke of such
bten salles as my Father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee Sala-
dine, either answer mee as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an
emie.

At this replie of Rosaders, Saladine smiled, and laughing at his
presumption, and frowned, as checking his follie: he therefore took
him by thus shortly. What Sirra? I see early pricks the tree
that wil proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made
you coy, or my good looks draw you to be thus contemptuous?
I can quickly remedie such a fault; and I will bend the tree while
it is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a headstrong
colt. You sirs, lay hold on him, and bind him; and then I will giue
him a cooling card for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad,
that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he laid such
load vpon his brothers men, that he hurt some of them, & made the
rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, & with
his resolution so valiant, thought his beeles his best safetie, & tooke
him to a soft adioyning to the Garden, whither Rosader pursued
him hotly. Saladine afraid of his brothers furie, cried out to him
thus:

golden Legacie.

thus. Rosader be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, look not so lowely, I know we shal be friends, & better friends then we haue bin. For, *Amanium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

These words appeased the chollet of Rosader, (for he was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parley: they imbraced each other and became friends, and Saladine promising Rosader the restitution of al his lands, and what fauour else, quoth he, any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe. Upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of al the old seruants of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the straw, til it chanced that Torismond King of France had appointed for his pleasure a day of Jousting and of Tournament to busie his Commons heads, lest being idle, their thoughts should run vpon more serious matters, and cal to remembrance their olde banished King: a Champion there was to stand against al comers, a Normane, a man of tall stature & of great strength, so valiant that in many such conflicts he alwayes bare away the victorie, not only overthrowing them which he encountered, but often with the waighe of his bodie killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes conuented with the Norman, & procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his claws, he would neuer more returne to quarrell with Saladine for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as, (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respicit aurum.*) taking great gifts for little Gods, took the crownes of Saladine to performe the stratagem. Having thus tied the Champion to his villainous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. He went to pong Rosader, (who in al his thoughts reacht at honor, and galed no lower then vertue commanded) and began to tel him of this Tournament and Jousting, how the king should be there, and

Euphues

and al the chiefe Peeres of France, with al the beautiful damosels of the countrey: nowe brother quoth he, for the honoz of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famons that house that neuer hath bin found without men approued in Chivalry, shew thy resolution to be peremptory. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to perfoyme any martial exploits, knowing better how to suruey my lands, then to charge my Launce: my brother Ferdinando he is at Paris, poring on a few prayers, hauing more insight into Sophistry & principals of Philosophy, then any warlike indeuours: but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doe what honour allowes thee: take thou my fathers Launce, his sword, and his horse, and bid thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantly crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The words of Saladine were but spurs to a free horse, for he had scarce vttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly that he promised in what he might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament, & Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroical thoughts, that he hath past the night with litle sleepe, but as soone as Phoebus had vailed the Curtaine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giuing her the bezo las labras in her silver Couch, he gat him vp, and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appointed, thinking every mile tenne leagues til he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the iourney, to Tarismond the king of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the forrest of Arden, sought now by al meanes to keepe the French busied with al sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Turnament, whereunto he in most solemne manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue peeres of France, who rather for feare then loue graced with the shew of theyr dutifull fauours, to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare glistering objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the faire Rosalynd daughter vnto Gerismond, with al the beautiful Damosels that were famous for theyr features in al France.

Thus in that place did loue and war triumph in a Sympathy,
such

golden Legacie.

such as were martial, might vse their Lance to be renowned for the excellency of their Cheualry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselves with gasing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euery mans eye hath his seuerall suruey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet al in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynd: for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battel between the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blinde that gloried Luna when she kist the Shepheard of the hills of Latmos, was not ranted with such a pleasant die, as the Vermillion flourish on the siluer hue of Rosalyn des countenance: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the welthy couert of the heauens moze gorgeous, sparkling fauour and disdaine, courteous and yet coy, as it in them Venus had placed al her amozites, & Diana all her chastity. The tammels of her haire, folded in a Call of golde, so far surpass the burnisht glitter of mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haire it seemed Loue had lapd her self in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence, what shuld I need to describer hir particular beauties whē by the censure of al, she was the Paragon of al earthly perfection. This Rosalind sat (I say) with Alinda as a beholder of these sports and made the Caualliers cracke their Laureles with moze courage: many deedes of Knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen according to their seuerall deserts, at last when the Tournament sealed, the wassling began, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against al comers, but he looked like Hercules when he aduansd himselfe against Achelous, so that the fury of his countenance amased al that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of actiuitie, til at the last a lustie Farckling of the Country came with two tal men that were his sonnes of good liniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing obeysance to the King, entred the List, & presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glozie of his strength, roused himself with such fury, that not only he gaue him the sal, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the yonger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and thirstie after the reuenge, assailed the Nor-

Euphues

man with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees, which repaid for the Norman that recovering himselfe; feare of disgrace doubting his strength, he stept so earnestly to the young Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his necke, and so ended his daies with his brother. At this vnlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were al in a deepe passion of pittie, but the Franckline father vnto the so, neuer changed his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and saw this Tragedie, who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted off from his horse, & presently sat downe on the grasse commaunded his boy to pul off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of this champion, being furnished as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and said thus: Bold yeoman whose sonnes haue ended the terme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, withstanding the injury of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while, and either see me make a third in their tragedy, or else reuenge their fall with an honorable triumph: the Francklin seeing so goodly a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie successe. With that Rosader bailed bonet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the company then the combatant, he cast his eye vpon the troope of Ladies that glittered like the stars of heauen, but at the last Loue willing to make him amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable brautie so inueagled the eie of Rosader, that forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the fauour of Rosalinds face, which she perceiving, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellencie, that the bashful red of Aurora, at the sight of an acquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the looke of the Ladies, draue him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had bene wakened from some pleasant dreame discovered to al by the fury of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they al noted his youth and the sweetnesse of his

golden Legacie.

his visage, with a general applause of fauours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wilke him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his Memento by the Norman, he roughly claped him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fel on the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to mind by al tokens, that this was he whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which coniecture made him stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death he might recouer the gold, which so bountifullly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast an eye vpon Rosalind, who to encourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glaunce of Rosalind so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, he ran vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter: the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that there was a soie combate, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader calling to mind the beauty of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by misfortune, rowled himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman peeled nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drew the King and al the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young peeres, and so beautiful a personage, should containe such martial excellence: but when they knew him to be the youngest son of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seate and embraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with al fauourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to go forward in such haughty breeds, that he might attaine to the glory of his fathers honorable fortunes.

As the King and Lordes graced him embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their looks, especially Rosalind, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancied a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

Euphues

feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader know the affected him,ooke from her necke a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman. The prize that Venus gaue to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Trojan, as this gain was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him selfe sole Monarch of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignity, then haue lost the Jewell sent him by Rosalind. To returne her with the like he was vnfortunat, and yet that he might more then in his looks discover his affection, he slept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ his fancy:

Two sunne sat once from one faire heaven there shinde,
Ten branches from two boughes tipt al with Roses,
Pure lockes more golden than is golde refine,
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride encloses.
Two mounts, faire marble, white, downe soft, and dainty,
A snow died orbe: where loue increast by pleasure
Full woful makes my heart and body fainty:
Her faire (my woe) exceeds al thought and measure.
In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This Sonnet he sent to Rosalind, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceiued loue had allotted her so amorous a seruant. Leauing her to her new entertained fancies: againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accompanied with a troope of young Gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladines, who was walking befoze the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue assuring himselfe of his death, and deuising how with dissimuled sorrow, to celebrate his funerals: as hee was in this thought, he cast vpp his eye, and saw where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as hauing wonne the Prize, accompanied with a crue of boone companions: grieved at this, he slept in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such vni kinde entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothered his griefe with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this vpon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought vp in the countrey, he absented himselfe,

golden Legacie.

selfe, as not finding his nature fit for such youthful companie. Thus he sought to shadow abuses profered by his brother, but in vaine, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foote against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, & entring boldly into the hal, where hee found none, for al were fled, but one Adam Spencer an Englishman, who had been an old and trustie seruant of sir Iohn of Burdeaux: hee for the loue he bare to his deceased maister, fauoured the part of Rosader, & gaue him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hal empty said: gentleman you are welcome, frolicke, and be merry, you shal be sure to haue wine inough, whatsoeuer your fare be, I sell your Cavaliers, my brother hath in his house fine tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth I bespew him that spareth his liquoz. With þ he burst opē the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer couered the tables, and set downe whatsoeuer he could find in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drink, yet had they royal chere, & with al such heartie welcome, as would haue made the courtest meates seeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twise or thrise with an vpsley freeze, they all tooke their leaue of Rosader, and departed. As soone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and swore to be reuenged of the discourteous Saladine, yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amitie betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once again reconciled, and put vp al forepassed iniuries with a peaceable agreement, liuing together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the seruants, but made al the gentlemen and bordering neighbors glad of such friendly concord. Saladine hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a popsoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath, til fitter opportunitie, he shewed himselfe a great fauourer of his brothers vertuous indeuours: where leauing thē in this happie league, let vs return to Rosalind.

Rosalind returning home from the triumph after she waxed solitary, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouert, strooke her so deep, as she felt her self grow passing passionate, she began to call to minde the comlineffe of his person, the honoz of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

Euphues

made him so gracious in the eyes of euery one. Sucking in thus the honp of loue, by imprinting in his thoughts his rare qualities, he began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when he cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnes of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a Chaos of confused thoughts, he began to debate with her selfe in this manner.

Rosalind: passion.

Infortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more then thy peares, & whose passions are greater then thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of enuie, & the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crown, & thou the unhappie daughter of a king detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Oh Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crowne? what griefs are incident to dignitie? what sorowes haunt royal palaces? The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the Cedars soonest shake with the wind: small Currents are euer calme, low vallies not scorche in any lightning, nor bale me tied to any baleful preiudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouertie, it is with her heele: rather disdaining their want with a frowne, then enuying their welth with disparagement. Oh Rosalind, hadst thou bin borne low, thou hadst not falne so high, & yet being great of blood, thine honoz is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrarie fortune with contēt, yet fates vnwilling to haue me any waies happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind? becommeth it women in distresse to think on loue? Cush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blind & shooteth at randon, as soone hitting a rag, as a robe, and piercing as soone & bolome of a captiue, as the breast of a libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalind by experience, for being euery way distressed, surcharged with cares, & ouergrowne with sorowes, yet amidst the heape of all mishaps, Loue hath lodge d in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man euery way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eie with beauty, & the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider Rosalind his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art

golden Legacie.

art poore and without patrimonie, and yet the daughter of a Prince,
be a yonger brother, and hope of such possession as either might
maintaine thy dignities, or reuenge thy fathers injuries. And hast
thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot liue by
looks: that womens cares are sooner content with a pound of giue
me, then a dram of heare me, that gold is sweeter then eloquence:
that loue is a fire, & wealth is the fuel: that Venns coffers should
be euer full. When Rosalynd seeing Rosader poore, thinke him
lesse beautifull, because he is in want, & account his vertues but qua-
lities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Ho-
race tell thee what method is to be bled in loue?

Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush Rosalind, be not ouer rash, leape not before thou looke, ei-
ther loue such a one as may with his lands purchase thee libertie, or
else loue not at al. Choose not a faire face with an emptie purse, but
say as most women vse to say, Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foris.

Why Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high
beauties? Can y degree of a princeesse, the daughter of Gerisimond
harbour such seruile conceits, as to prize gold more then hono, or to
measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosa-
lynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou loitest, either Ro-
sader or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and ver-
tuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her newe entertained passi-
ons, taking out her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty.

Rosalinds Madrigall.

Love in my bosome like a Bee,

doth sucke his sweeter.

Now with his wings he plaies with me,

now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,

His bed amidst my tender breast,

My kisses are his daily feast,

And yet he robs me of my rest,

Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he,

with prettie flight,

And

Euphues

And makes his pillow of my knee,
 the liuelong night
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
 He musicke plaies it so I sing,
 He lendes me euerie louely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting,
 VVhist wanton still yee.
 Else I with roses every day,
 will whip you hence:
 And dliind you when you long to play,
 for your offence.
 Ile shut my eyes to keepe you in,
 Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
 Ile count your powre not worth a pinne,
 Alas what hereby shal I winne,
 If he gainesay me.
 VVhat if I beate the wanton boy
 with many a rod?
 He will repaie me with annoy,
 because a God.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosome be,
 Lurke in mine eies I like of thee,
 O Cupid so thou pittie me,
 Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalind ended her spangall, before Torismond
 came in with his daughter Alinda, & many of the peeres of France,
 who were enamored at her beautie: which Torismond perceiuing,
 fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice,
 and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossoms, hee
 thought to banish her from the court, for quoth he to himselfe, her
 face is so full of fauor that it pleades pittie in the eye of euery man,
 her beautie is so beauenly and diuine, that she wil prooue to me as
 Helen did to Priam: some one of the Peeres wil aime at her loue,
 end the mariage, & the in his wiues right attempt the kingdom. To
 preuent therfore had I wist in al these actions, she carries not about
 the court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else
 seeke

golden Legacie

seeke other fortunes. In this humor, with a stern countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres, that charged her, that that night she were not seene about the court: for (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalynd, and presently couered with the shield of hit innocency, she boldly brake out in reuerent termes to haue cleared her selfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords plead for Rosalind, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus al mute, and Rosalind amazed, Alinda who loued hit more then her self, with grief in heart, and teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees began to treat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of Rosalynd.

IF (mightie Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amity craue pardon for my boldnesse: for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalind and I haue bin suffered up from our infancies, and nursed vnder the harbour of our conuersing together with such priuate familiarities, that custome hath wrought an vnion of nature, and the sympathy of our affections such a secret loue, that we haue two bodies and one soule. Then maruaile not (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distressed, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorowes: for her vertuous & honorable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge loue, and race out suspicion, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefes with patience, and in the absence of nature hath honored you with al dutie, as her own father by nouriture, not in word vitering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: only in al her actions seeking to please you, and to win my fauour. Her wisdom, silence, chastity, and other such rich qualities, I need not to describe, only it restes for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If when fortune, who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to taunt Rosalind with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by

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witness:

Euphues

witnesse: which proued; let her die; & Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can auouch any confirmed relation of her intent, the Justice my lord, it is the glory of a King; & let her liue in your wonted fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as compartner of her hard fortunes wil participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Forismond (at this speech of Alinda) couered his face with such a frown, as tirany seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, & cheere her vp with such taunts, as made the Lords (that only were bearers) to tremble. Proud girl (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light of tongue; or my fauours encouraged thee to be so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy Father: hath not my yeeres more experience then thy youth, & the winter of mine age deeper insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flourishing daies. The old Lion auoides the toples, where the yong one leape into the nette: the care of age is prouident, and foresees much: suspicion is a vermin, wher a man holds his enemy in his bosome. Thou fond girl, measurest all by present affection, and as thy hart loues, thy thoughts censure: but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalynd, thou hast best vp a bird to peck out thine own eyes, thou wouldest intreat as much for her absence, as thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alludge policie to thee? sit downe hys wife and sal to your needle: if idleness make you so wanton, or idleness so malapart, I can quickly tie you to a sharper task: and you (maide) this night be packing, either into Arden to your father, or whether best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shal not abide. This rigorous reply of Forismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still she prosecuted her plea in the presence of Rosalynd, wishing her Father (if his censure might not be remoued) that he would appoint her partner of her exile: which if he refused, either she would by some secret meanes scale out and follow her, or else end her dayes with some desperate kinde of death. When Forismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set downe a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished: which presently was done. The Tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his only child, then any waies to put in question the state of his kingdom: so suspicious & seareful is the conscience of an usurper. Well although his Lords perswaded him to retain his own Daughter, yet his resolution might not be reuerst, but both of them

golden Legacie

must away from the Court without either thore company or delays
 In he went with great melancholy, and left these two Ladies alone;
 Rosalind wored very sad, and late downe and wept, Alinda the same
 led, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her, and glasse

Alinda comfort to perplexed Rosalind. *I bid thee*

Why how now Rosalind, dismaist with a frowne of contrary

Why how now Rosalind, dismaist with a frowne of contrary
 fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee say, that high mindes were
 discouered in fortunes contempt; and herotical scene in the depth
 of extremities? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of
 distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the only
 medicine for want, the precious implaster of content: being such a
 good Physitian to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe?
 But perchance thou wilt say,

Consilium iniquum caput doluit. *I counsel sinne grieues*

Why then, if the patients that are sick of this disease can finde
 in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, per (Rosa-
 lind) admit of the counsel of a friend, and apply the salues that may
 appease thy passions. If thou grieuest, that being the daughter of a
 prince, that enup thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that
 royaltie is a faire mark, that Crownes haue troffles when mirch is
 in Cragges: that the sayer the rose is, the spiner it is bitten with
 Caterpillers, the more orient the pearle is, the more apt to take a
 blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most honoz, so it hath most
 enup. If then fortune smeth at the sayest, be patient Rosalind, for
 first by thine exile thou goest to thy father, nature is higher prized the
 wealth, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then
 al dignities: why then pooth my Rosalind greiue at the frowne of
 Torismond, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater
 pleasure: & more (madasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with
 thee Alinda a friend, who wil be a faithfull copartner of al thy mis-
 fortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, & chuseth rather to
 byooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What Rosalind

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris. *A comfort to those that*

Cheerely woman, as we haue been bedfellows in royaltie, we wil
 be fellow mates in poverty: I wil euer be thy Alinda, and thou shalt
 euen rest to me Rosalind, so shal the world canonize our friendship.

Euphues

and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile, and we retorne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merrily say (calling to mind our forpast miseries:)

Olim hac meminisse iuuabit.

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had shed a fewe kind teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gaue her hearty thanks, and then they sate them downe to consult how they should trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their companie, saying: it would be their greatest prouidence in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. Thus (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a soone wile to preuent a misfortune? I thou seest am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person & apparel of a page, thou shalt be my mistress, & I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what companie soeuer I come I will not be discovered: I will buy me a sute, and haue a Rapier berie handsomly at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your page will shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presently gathered vp all their iewels, which they trusted vp in a Casket, & Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganymede: they trauid along the Timber yards, and by many by-ways, at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauid for the space of two or three daies without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, & painted with many passionate sorowes. Now the black ore began to treade on their feete, and Alinda thought of her wouced royaltie: but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought euerie danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compass with a grove of Cypress trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddess had intreated Nature in that place to make her an arbor. By this Fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganymede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had bin in Paris with all the kings delicacies: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the waye to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganymede casting vpe his eye, espied where on a tree was engrauen certaine verses, which as soon as he espied,

golden Legacie.

espied, he cryed out, be of good cheere mistresse. I spie the figures of men, for here in these trees be ingrauen certain verses of shepheards or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and looked, where they found in the barke of a pine tree, this passion.

Montanus Passion.

HAdst thou beene borne whereas perpetuall cold,
Makes *Tanais* hard, and mountaines siluer old:

Had I complaine vnto a marble stone,

Or to the foulds bewraid my bitter mone,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

But euen the pride of countries at thy birth,

V Whilst heauens did smile, did new array the earth,
with flowers chiefe.

Yet thou the flower of beautie blessed borne,

Hadst prettie looks, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweete *Mirrhas* teares,

Or by my plaints to pierce repining cares:

Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,

To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

But not my teares, but trueth with thee preuailes,

And seeming sowre my sorrowes thee assailes:

yeen small reliefe.

For if thou wilt thou art of Marble hard:

And if thou please, my sute shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamored of some faire and beautifull shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therfore complained of the crueltie of his mistress. You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometimes are made of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of waxe, that is fit for euerie forme: they delight to be courted, & then they glorie to seeme cope, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdaine, & this fault is so common to that sex, that you

Euphues

see it painted out in the shepheards passions, who found his mistress
as froward as he was enamored. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if
your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so sa-
typical against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest?
Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, per-
chance you will make him leape so far from loue, that he wil anger
euery veine in your hart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keep decozum,
I speake now as I am Aliena. Page, not as I am Gerismonds
daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will stand in def-
iance to the vttermoost, that women are courteous, constant, vertu-
ous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more words,
for ponder hee caracters grauen vpon the barke of a Beech-tree, let
vs see quoth Ganimede, and with that they read a fancie written to
this effect.

First shall the heavens want starrie light,
The seas be robbed of their waues,
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graues,
The Aprill flowers, and leafe, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hils,
By humble plaines be ouerprid,
And poets scorne the Muses quils,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her coloured weede,
Before I faile thee at thy neede.

First diseful hate shal turne to peace,
And loue relent in deepe disdaine,
And death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And enuie pittie euery paine,
And pleasure mourne and sorrow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First

golden Legacie.

First time shall stay his staileffe race,
And winter blesse his browes with corne,
And snow hemoysten Iulies face,
And winter spring, and summer mourne,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation greto from one
ful of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth Aliena) but see I pray
when pooze women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo
them with many fained promises, alluring with sweet words as the
Sirens, and after ppooning as trothlesse as Aeneas. Thus promised
Demophoon to his Philis, but who at last grew more false: The
reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and
tooke the fault of their mother, for if a man had growne from man,
as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer beehe troubled with in-
constancie. Leau off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or else
ile pull off your Pages appattell and whip you, as Venus doth her
wantons with nettles. So you will [quoth Ganimede] perswade
me to flatterie, and that needes not: but come, seeing we haue found
here by this fount the trace of Shepheards by their Madrigalles
and Roundelays, let vs forward, for either we shall finde some
foldes, cheep cotes, or else some cottages wherem for a day or two
to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose vpp, and
marched forward till toward the euen: and then comming into a
faire vallie compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many plea-
sant shrubbes, they might descrie where two flocks of sheepe did
feede.

Then looking about, they might perceiue where an olde shep-
heard sat, and with him a pong swaine, vnder a couert most plea-
santly scituated. The grounde where they sat was diapied with
Floras riches, as she meant to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vest-
ments: round about in the foyme of an Amphitheater were most ca-
riously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Limons & Cytrons,
which

Euphues

which with the thicknes of their boughs so shadowed the place, that Phebus could not pise into the secret of that Arboz, so united were the tops of so thicke a closure, that Venus might there in her iollitie, haue dallied vnseene with hir dearest paramour: fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Font so Christaline & cleare, that it seemed Diana with her Driades, and Hema-driades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour late these two shepheards, seeing their sheepe feed) playing on their Pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie, falling into much amorous chat: drawing more nigh, we might discerie the countenance of the one to be full of sorow: his face to be the verie portrature of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing he seemed to die: we (to see what these two were) Role priuily behinde the thicke, where we overheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

SAY shepheards boy, what makes thee greeke so sore,
Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
Yong are thy yeares, thy cheekes with Roses dight,
Then sing for ioy (sweets swaine) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy, and this climbing Pine
Eo:h promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phebus daine all westward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmeet is melodie,
To him whom proud contempt hath ouer borne:
Slaine are my ioyes by Phebus bitter scorne,
Far hence my weale, and neare my ieopardy,

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a *Phenix* of my faithful heart:
And though his furie do inforce of my smart,
Ah blith am I to honour his behest.

Preparde

golden Legacie

Preparde to woes since so my *Phoebe* wils,
My lookes dismaide since *Phoebe* wil disdaine:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine.
So streame my teares as showers from A^lpine hills.

In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust:
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,
I liue by that, which makes me liuing die.

Deuoyde of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought:
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am rest of solace and delight?

Coridon.

Ah Lorel lad, what makes thee Henry loue,
A sugred harme, a poison ful of pleasure:
A painted shrine full'd with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hel to them that proue,

A gaine in seeming, shadowed stil want,
A broken staffe which folly doth vphold:
A flower that fades with euery frosty colde,
An orient Rose sprung from a withered plant,

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of grieve,
A subtil net to snare the idle minde:
A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thy *Montanus* follow mine arceede,
Whome age hath taught the traines that fancie vseth:
Leaue foolish loue for beautie wit abuseth,
And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

Montanus

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,
And bird the snare, because it doth entrap.

E

And

Epiphues

And fooles true loue, because of sorry hap,
And failers curse the ship that ouerturnes.

But would the childe forbear to play with flame,
And birds beware to trust the foulers gin:
And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,
And masters guide their ships in better frame.

The childe would praise the fire because it warms,
And birdes reioice to see the fouler faile:
And fooles preuent, before their plague's preuaile,
And sailers blesse the barke that saues from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeares,
And crooked elde had some experience left,
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,
In view of loue, whose power in me appears.

The ploughman little wots to turne the pen,
Or bookeman skills to guide the ploughmans cart:
Nor can the Cobler count the tearmes of arte,
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mightie men.

Nor withered age (vnmeet for beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impression)
Discourse of that, whose choise possession,
May neuer to so base a man be tyed.

But I (whome nature makes of tender molde,
And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my hauen and heauen on sweete desire:
On sweete desire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue, O how my lines aspire,
Hast thou the Muses to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire.

Then

golden Legacie.

Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne,
Amazd I reade the stile when I haue done,
And herry loue that sent that heauenly rage.

Of *Phæbe* then, of *Phæbe* then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of al the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appears,
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

Influent numbers, and in pleasant vainer,
I robbe both sea and earth of al their state,
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,
To blesse the nimph that yeeldes me loueslicke paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward wil
Guides in the Labyrinth of restlessse loue,
Feare lendes them pasture wherefoere they moue,
And by their death their life renounceth stil.

My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed
My paper, where my many woes are written:
Thus silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,
My dreames, my doubt, for *Phæbe* sweete to me,
Who waiteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,
And glorie shines where danger most appears.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,
Blame me not man since sorrow is my sweete:
So willeth loue, and *Phæbe* thinks it meete,
And kind *Montanus* liketh well his lotte.

Coridon.

Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided,
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits

Euphues

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folly poysoneth al that time prouided.

With wilful blindnesse bearded, prepar'd to shame,
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles:
Alas that loue by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) curst is the charme,
That hath bewitched so thy youthful eyes:
Leaue off in time to like these vanities,
Be forward to thy good, shie thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* daily shields,
As many frie as fleete on Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth do trace,
As many floures as decke the fragrant fields.

As many starres as glorious heauen contains,
As many stormes as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes:
So many griefes in loue, so many paines.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praiers,
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hope, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despair.

Truce, warre, and woe, do waite at beauties gate:
Time lost, laments, reports, and priue grudge,
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for seruice, shame: for friendship hate.

Montanus.

Al Adder-like I stopt mine eares (fond swaine)
So charme no more, for I wil neuer change,
Call home thy flocke betime that stragling range,
For lo, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius

golden Legacie.

In amore hæc in sunt vitia : inducie, inimicitie, bellum, pax rursum : incerta hæc sunt postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam fides operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

The shepheards thus hauing ended their Eglogue, Aliena slept with Ganimede from behind the thicket, at whose sodaine sight the shepheards rose, and Aliena saluted them thus : Shepheards, all haile (for such we deeme you by your flocks) & louers good luck (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnes of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a Forrest vnkowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauel, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbor (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whomsoever shall bee mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speake so curiously, returned her mildly and reuerently this answer.

Faire mistress, we returne you as heartie a welcome as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, & this a louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to feede his sheepe: full of fancies, and therefore say I, full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for loue admits neither of counsaile, nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you be distressed, I am sorrowful such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but relieue you I cannot: may if you want lodging, if you vouch to shroude your selues in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbor. Aliena thanckt Coridon greatly, and presently laye her down, and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious suruey viewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pittying her distresse, was desirous to know the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosel) occasionate offence, or renew your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauour, as to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whither you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest. Alinda

Euphues

(that was as courteous as she was faire) made this replie: Shepheard, a friendly demand ought neuer to be offensive, & questions of courtesie carrie priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore to discouer my fortunes, were to renew my sorrows, & I shuld by discouling my mishaps, but take fire out of the cynders. Wherefore, let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I mean to buy some farme, and a flocke of Sheepe, to become a Shepherds life, meaning to liue low, and content me with a country life: for I haue heard the swaine say, that they drinke without suspition, & sleepe without care. My mistress quoth Coridon, if you meane so, you came in good time, for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for a Shepherds life (oh Pistris) did you but liue a while in the presentment, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here mistress shall not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few Sheepe, which as it breeds begger, so it can be no extreame preiudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Enuie stirres not vs, we couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not ill diet, so wee haue inough to satisfie; and mistress, I haue so much Latin, *Satis quod est, sufficit.*

By my truth Shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest me in loue with thy countrey life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still vnder me be owner of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my Page will serue you, leade the flocks to the field, & fold them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknewen, & contented. The news so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should neuer be put out of his farme, that putting off his Shepherds bonnet, he did her al reverence that he might. But at this while sate Montanus in a mule, thinking of the crueltie of his Phoebe, whom he wooed long, but was in hope to win. Ganimede who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore Shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in al his actions was so imperious. At last when she had noted his

golden Legacie.

his teares that stole down his cheekes, & his sighes that broke froist
the center of his heart, pittyping his lament, she demanded of Cori-
don why the yong shepheards looked so sorrowfull: Wher (quoth
he) the hope is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards
loue? I (quoth Montanus, and ouer loue, else shouldst not thou see
me so peniue. *Loue* I stills bee is as precious in a shepheards eye,
as in the lookes of a king, and we countrie swaines entertaine fan-
cie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection.
Opposititie (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboreth in
our cottages, and loyaltie the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth)
is found more among shepheards then higher degrees. Then aske
not if such sillie swaines can loue: what is the cause then quoth Ga-
nime de that loue being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull?
Because (quoth Montanus) the party beloued is froward: and ha-
uing curtesie in her lookes, holdeeth disdain in her tongues ende.
what hath she then (quoth Aliens) in hart? Desire I hope. Whadam
(quoth he) or else my hope lost, dispaire in loue were death. As thus
they chatted, the sunne being readie to set, and they not hauing sol-
ded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sitte there with her
Page, til Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. Post
shall go quoth Aliens, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing
some amorous sonnet that he made when he had been deeply passio-
nate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus:

Montanus.

Phoebe sate,

Sweete she sate:

Sweete sate Phoebe when I saw her.

White her brow,

Coy her eye:

Brow and eye how much you please me.

Words I spent,

Sighes I sent:

Sighes and words could neuer draw her.

Oh my loue,

Thou art lost:

Since no light could euer ease thee,

Phoebe

Euphues

Phoebe fate,
 By a fount:
 Sitting by a fount I spide her.
 Sweete her touch,
 Rare her voyce:
 Touch and voyce, what may distaine you.
 As she sung,
 I did sigh:
 And by sighs whilest that I tride her.
 Oh mine eyes,
 You did loofes:
 Her first sight whose want did paine you:
 Phoebe's flockes,
 White as wooll:
 Yet were Phoebe's lookes more whiter.
 Phoebe's eyes,
 Doulelike milde:
 Doulelike eyes, both milde and cruell.
Montanus sweares
 In your lamps:
 He wiill die for to delight her,
 Phoebe yeeld,
 Or I die.
 Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a low curtessie rose vp, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheep in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loues: he resolving Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest shepherdesse in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equall to the Pimphees. But quoth he, as of al stones the Diamond is most clearest, and yet most hard for the Lapidorie to cut, as of al flowers the Rose is the fairest and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of all our countrie Lasses Phoebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoope vnto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus,
 who

golden Legacie.

Who for his high disdain against Loue, perished in the fall of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridon's Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore Swaine: and thought they had but countrie fare and countie lodging: yet their welcome was so great, and their care so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had bin in the Court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauaile: but as soone as they got vp, Alinda resolved there to set by the fire-stell, and by the helpe of Coridon's swaye a bargain with his Landlord, and so became mistress of the farme and of the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: euerie daie leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happie, and thought no content to the life of a Country Cottage. Leaving hir thus famous amongst the shepheards of Aiden, againe to Saladin.

When Saladin had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flaxe, nor oyle in the flume: (for enuy is like lightning, that will appeere in the darke fog.) It chanced one morning very early he cald vp certaine of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open he entred with his cue, and surprized his brother when he was asleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hal chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremitie, wherein he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladin answered him only with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deep perplexity. Who thus abused fel into sundry passions, but no meanes of reliefe could be had: whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three daies without meate: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no food, he fel into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde seruant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the burie and loue he ought to his old master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap, and therefore although Saladin had giuen a general charge to his seruants, that none of them vpon paine of death should

Euphues

giue either meate or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the
 night rose secretly, & brought him such victuals as he could provide,
 & unlockt him and set him at liberty. After Rosader had wel feasted
 himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aimed at re-
 uenge, & now (al being asleepe) he would haue quite Saladine with
 the method of his own mischiefe, but Adam Spencer did perswade
 him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir quoth he, be content,
 for this night go again into your old fetters, so that you try the faith
 of friends, & saue the life of an old seruant. To morrow hath your
 brother invited al your kinsmen and allies to a sollemny breakfast, onely
 to see you, telling them that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a
 post. As soone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered
 you by Saladine. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe
 ouer your plaints, *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your bro-
 ther before your innocence, then thus: I will leaue you unlockt that
 you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the Hall that
 you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you and another for
 me: When I giue you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let vs
 play the men and make hauocke amongst them, drive them out of the
 house and maintaine possession by force of armes, til the King hath
 made a redresse of your abuses. These words of Adam Spencer
 so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment,
 and stode there while the next morning. About the time appointed,
 came al the guests bidden by Saladine, whome he intreated with
 curteous and curious entertainment, as they al perceiued their
 welcome to be great. The tables in the hall where Rosader was
 tyed, were couered, and Saladine bringing in his guests together,
 shewing them where his brother was bound, and was inchained as a
 man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, & with some inuectiues made
 complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladine, desiring they
 would in pity seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they
 had stoppt their eares with Vlysses, that were his words neuer so for-
 cible, he breathed onely his passions to the winde. They carelesse,
 sate downe with Saladine to dinner, being very frolike and pleasant,
 washing their heads wel with wine. At last, when the fume of the
 grape had entered peale-meale into their braines, they began insati-
 rical speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no
 longer brooking gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines
 got

golden Legacie

got a pollaxe in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, & dyed his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doore, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he sate him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd up the house, lest upon a sodaine his brother should raise some crew of his tenants, and surprize them unawares. But Saladine took a contrarie course, and went to the sheriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to reuenge the gentlemen wrongs, tooke with him five and twentie tall men, and made a vow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in til he made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crew together, hee went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. News of this was brought to Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt al the iniuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As hee walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descried wher Saladine & he drew neere, with a troope of lustie gallants. At this he smild, & cald Adam Spencer, and shewed him the enuious trecherie of his brother, and the follie of the sheriffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shall I do? It rests in me either to yeeld vpon the house to my brother, and seeke a reconcilement, or else issue out, and break through the company with courage, for coopt in like a coward I wil not be. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonor my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces the fame of men grows odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauour me, and I may escape with life: but suppose the worst, if I be slaine, then my death shal be honourable to me, & so vnequal a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Why then maister forward and feare not, out amongst them, they be but fainthearted lozels, and for Adam Spencer, if he be not at your foote, say he is a dastard. These words cheered vp the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them al, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlooke for, leapt out and

assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to gite
backe, so that Adam and he broke through the pple in despite of
them all, & took their way towards the Forrest of Arden. This re-
pulle to set the Sheriffs hart on fire to reuenge, that he straight rai-
sed al the country, and made Hue and Cry after them. But Rosa-
der and Adam knowing full well the secret waies that led through
the Vineyards, Role away priuily through the prouince of Borde-
aux, and escaped safe to the Forrest of Arden. Being come thither,
they were glad they had so good a harbor: for fortune (who is like
the Caruelion) variable with euerie object, and constant in nothing
but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrors of mutabilitie, and
therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on
by the by-waies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into
the thicke of the Forrest, where they wandered fine or six daies with-
out meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard
nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreme,
Adam Spencer (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him down on
a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feeble
and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shed teares, and to fall
into these bitter tearmes.

Adam Spencers speech.

Oh how the life of man may well bee compared to the state of the
Ocean seas, that for euerie calme hath a thousand stormes, re-
sembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of
sharpe prickles: all our pleasures end in paine, and our highest de-
lighes are crossed with deepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as
they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are ro-
ten: and withering in the bloosome, either parched with the heate of
enuie or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friende, that in all thy
deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the pouertie of the low-
est, and the ouerthrow of the highest, to descipher thy inconstancie:
Thou standest upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with times
feathers, that thou maist euer be restless: thou art double faced like
Janus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the o-
ther to betray, thou profferest an eele, and performest a scorpion, and
where thy greatest fauours be, there is the feare of the extreamest

golden Legacie.

misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) dost thou exclaime against fortune? she laughs at the plaints of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing to her, then to heare fooles boast in hir saving allurementes, or sorrowful men to discover the sower of their passions. Slut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art old Adam, and thy haire is waxe white, the Palme tree is already full of bloomes, & in the furrowes of thy face appeares the kalenders of death. Wert thou blessed by fortune, thy yeares could not be many, nor the date of thy life long: then such nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne hir debt a little before the day. Ah it is not this which grieueth me, nor do I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worship of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then do I say, that fortune and fates are most iniurious to censure so hard extreemes, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeares, but come and full of Day. Nature hath prodigally intricht thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the mirror of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vniust stars, to haue all these good parts nipped in the blade, and ble mist by the inconspencie of fortune. Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my grieve were thelesse, and happie should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I do: prevent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was ready to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, sayd: what cheere maister: though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I grieve at the manner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honor, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wild

Euphues

beast, and perish as his pray, I were satisfied, but to die with hunger,
O Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Master (quoth he)
you see we are both in one predicament, & long I cannot live with-
out meate: seeing therefore we can find no food, let the death of the
one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overtowne with
age, you are yong, and are the hope of many honors, let mee then
die, I will presently cut my beynes, and master, with the warme
bloud relieue your fainting spirits, suck on that til I end, and you be
comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his
knife, when Rosader full of courage, though verie faint, rose vp, and
wist Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne: for my mind giues
me quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man
he rose vp, and ranged vp and down the woods, seeking to encounter
some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend
Ada food, or else pledge his life in pawne of his loyalty. It hapned
that day, that Gerismond the lawfull king of France, banished by
Torismond, who with a luite crew of outlawes liued in that for-
rest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feast to all his bold peo-
men, and frolickt it with stoz of wine and venison, sitting all at a
long table vnder the shadow of Limon trees: to that place by chance
fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of braue men,
hauing stoz of that, for want of which he and Adam perished, hee
stept boldly to the bozds end, and saluted the companie thus.

Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lustie squires, I sa-
lute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: knowe
that I & a fellow friend of mine, are heere famished in the Forrest for
want of food: perish we must, vntill we be relieved by thy fauors. Ther-
fore if thou be a gentleman, giue meate to men, and such as are e-
uerie way worthy of life, let the proudest squire that sits at thy table
rise and incounter with me in any honorable point of actiuitie what-
soever, and if he and thou prooue me not a man, send me away com-
fortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I wil haue
amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die valiantly, then pe-
rish with so cowardly an extrem: Gerismond looking him earnest-
ly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter passion
was moued with so great pittie, that rising from the table, he tooke
him by the hande and badde him welcome, willing him to sitte
downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eate his fill, but the

LORD

golden Legacie.

Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies here by famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, & dishonour it were for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore wil I run and fetch him, & then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vp on his backe, & brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship: & Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Wel to be shote, those hungry squiers fel to their victuals, & feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of wine. Alsoon as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way preiudicial vnto him) the cause of his trauel. Rosader (desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his fauorable Host, first beginning his exordium with a vollee of sighs, & a few luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, & tolde him from point to point al his fortunes, how he was the pongest sonne of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men he fled: and this old man (quoth he) whom I do much loue and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old seruant of my Fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer failed me in al my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, he fel on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had euer been betwixt his father sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfull a subiect he liued, and how honozable he died: promising (for his sake) to giue both him and his friend such curteous entertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his officers. Rosader seeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him the due reuerence, and humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had beene lately in the Courae of Torismond, & whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynd, or no: At this

Euphues

Rosalder fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed to the King, how Rosalind was banished, & how there was such a sympathy of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupon the unnatural King banished them both: and now they are wandred none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes braue the king into a great melancholly, that presently he arose from al the company and went into his privy chamber, so secret as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was at vantage at these things, and Rosalder and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and retorne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosalder came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lands of sir Iohn of Burdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenues, found iust occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brothers: and therefore dispatching a herault, he sent for Saladine in al post hast. Who maruailling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but imboldned with his innocence, he boldly went with the herault vnto the Court. Where as soone as he came, he was not admitted vnto the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly, in that the Fayler had straight charge ouer him, to see that he shold be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grieve and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

The complaint of Saladyne's complaint.

Vnhappy Saladine, whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the heauens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladine, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule: and not only discovering little nouerture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one litter are euer most louing

golden Legacie

louing, and brothers that are sonnes of one father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Wh Saladine, so it should be: but thou hast with the Deare sedde against the winde, with the crabbe stroue against the streame, and sought to peruert nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladine) cries for reuenge, his youth pleads to God to inflict some penance vpon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce wittes of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kinde and natural brother, and the heauens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worime of conscience, no hel to a mind touched with gile. Euery wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of bloud from my hart, euery bad looke, euery frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and saies, Saladine, thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some penance to discover thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, he was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was. Saladine made answer, that vpon some ryot made against the Sheriffe of the Shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither, Nay villaine (quoth he) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheualier. Therefore in iustice to punish thee, I spare thy life for fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court & cuntry of France, and see thy departure be within ten daies, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head, & with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at this exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and penance of his former follies to trauaile abroad in euery Coast til he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I doe beginne.

Rosader being thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continual exercise, trauersing the groues and wild Forrestes: partly to heare the melody of the swete birds which recorded, & partly to shew his diligent indeuour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer he did, or howsoeuer he walked, the liuely image of Rosa'ynde remained in memorie: on her swete p'fections he fed his thoughts prouing himself like the eagle a true born bird, since that the one is

Euphues

knowne by beholding the sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie & place conuenient, desirous to discover his woes in the woods, hee ingraued with his knife on the bark of a *Qit* tree, to this preep estimate of his mistris perfection,

Sonetto.

Of all chaste birdes the Phoenix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell:
Of all sweete flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maides my *Rosalynd* is fairest.

Of al pure mettals gold is onely purest,
To al high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweetes, I like my mistris best,
Of all chaste thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proude birds the Eagle pleaseth Ione,
Of prettie foules kind *Venus* likes the Doue:
Of trees, *Minerua* doth the Oliue loue,
Of all sweete Nymphs I honour *Rosalynd*.

Of all her gifts her wisedome pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:
For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,
If *Rosalynd* prooue cruel and vnkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did euerie day eternize the name of his *Rosalynd*, and this day especially when *Aliena* and *Ganimede* (inforced by the heate of the sun to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forester registered his melancholy passions: they saw the sodaine change of his lookes, his folded armes, his passionate sighes, they heard him ofie abruptly cal on *Rosalynd*, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselte, but that she shrouded her paines in the cinders of honourable modestie. Whereupon getting him to be in loue, & according to the nature of their sexe, being pittifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their appoach, and *Ganimede* shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes *Forester*: hast thou wounded some Deere, & lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fies was but the

golden Legacie.

the skin, the shoulder, and the hories: tis hunters lucke to asme faire and milke: and a woodsmans fortune to strike, and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighes discouer more losse: perhaps in trauersing these thickers, he hath scene some beautiful Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath newly engrauen some Sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalynd, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet thinking to shrowde al vnder her Idages apparel, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tel me Forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is she some Nymph that waites byon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast describered in such Epithites? Or is she some Shepheardeesse that haunts these plaines, whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shado west in couert vnder the figure of Rosalynd, as Ouid did Iulia, vnder the name of Cerinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalynd of whom we Shepheards haue heard talke, she (Forrester) that is the daughter of Gerismond, that ouce was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden. At this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh, and said: it is she O gentle Swain, it is she, that Saine it is whom I serue, that Goddesse at whose Shrine I doe bend all my deuotions, the most fayrest of al faires, the Phenix of al that lere, and the purity of al earthly perfection. And why [gentle Forrester] if she be so beautiful, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the Rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is deadly: So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet vnkinde: full of fauour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdaineful without reason.

A Shepheard quoth Rosader, knowest thou her personage graced with the excellence of al perfection, being a harbor wherein the Graces shrowd their vertues: thou wouldest not breath out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalynd, She is a Diamond, bright,

Euphues

but not hard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a Rose without prickles, & a princeesse absolute, as wel in beautie, as in vertue. But I, unhappie I, haue let mine eye soare with the eagle against so bright a sunne, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamored my self of a Daphne, not (as she) disoainefull, but far more chaste then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno, and shal (I feare) embrace nought but a cloude. Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a star, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts about my fortunes I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princeesse, whose honors are too high to boughsafe such bale loues.

Why foxrestter quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe, be blithe and frolicke man. Loue sowleth as low, as she soareth high, and Cupid shoots at a rag as soone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled fauour on pale-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feather, nor make thy curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Foxrestter, faint heart neuer wonne faire lady. But where liues Rosalynd now, at the Court?

Oo no quoth Rosader, she liues I know not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Corismond, and that is my hell: for might I but find her sacred personage, & plead before the barre of her pittie, the plaint of my passions, hope tels me she would grace me with some fauor: and that would suffice, as recompence of al my former miseries: much haue I heard of my mistris excellence, and I know foxrestter thou canst describe her at the ful, as one that hath suruayed al her parts with a curious eye, then do that fauour to tell me what her perfections be. What I wil quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my mistresse excellence. And with that he pulde a paper forth his bosome, wherein he read this,

Rosalynds description.

Like to the cleare in highest spheare,
Where all imperiall glory shines,
Of selfe same colours is her haire,
Whether vnfolded or in twines:

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd,
Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,

Refining

golden Legacie.

Refining heauen by euerie wincke:

The Gods do feare when as they glow,

And I do tremble when I thinke,

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,

That beautifies *Auroraes* face,

Or like the siluer Crimson shroude,

That *Phaebus* smiling lookes doth grace:

Heigh ho fayre *Rosalynd*.

Her eyes are like to budded Roses,

Whom rankes of Lillies neighbour nigh,

Within which bounds she blame incloses,

Apt to intice a Deitie:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke is like a stately tower,

Where loue himselfe imprisoned lies,

To watch for glaunces euery houre,

From her diuine and sacred eyes,

Heigh ho for *Rosalynd*.

Her paps are centers of delight,

Her paps are robes of heavenly frame,

Where nature molds the dew of light,

To feede perfection with the same:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with Rubie red,

With Marble white, with Rubie blew,

Her body euery way is fed,

Yet soft in touch and sweete in view:

Heigh ho, faire *Rosalynd*.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,

The Gods are wounded in her sight,

And loue forsakes his heavenly fires,

And at her eyes his brand doth light:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not Nymphs though I be gone,

Euphues

The absence of faire Rosalynd:
Since for her faire there is, fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so diuine.

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd,
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.

Perit, quia deperit.

Beleeue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynd far above wonder: so it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus, Truly gentle page thou hast cause to complaine thee, more thou the substance, but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for it is excellence enough to be like the excellēce of nature. He hath answered you Ganimede quoth Aliena, it is enough for Pages to waite on beautiful Ladies, and not to be beautiful themselves. Oh mistress (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partial: Who knowes not, but that all women haue desire to tie Soueraignie to their petticoates, and ascribe beautie to themselves, where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would proue as comely, if not as comelie, as courteous. But tel me forrester, (and with that she turned to Rosader) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke: Gentle Swaine, vnder the King of Outlawes, sayd he, the vnforgotten Gerismond, who hauing lost his kingdom, crowneth his thoughtes with content, accounting it better to gouerne among poore men in peace, then great men in danger. But hast thou not said he, (hauing so melancholy oportunities as the forrest affordeth thee) written more sonnets in commendations of thy mistress: I haue gentle Swaine quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawne of day, if your flock feed in these pastures, I wil bring them you: wherein you shal reade my passions, while I feele them, iudge my patience when you reade it: til when, I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede & Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving them to their idle prattle. So Ganimede (and Aliena the forrester being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make ditties in your praise, spend sighes for you sake, make an spoill of your beauty: surely it grieues me not a little to see the poore man so penitēce, and you so vixentelle.

Oh Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptory in your judgements, I beare

golden Legacie.

heare Rosalynd prais as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynd, I could answere the Foxprester, if he would for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalynd cannot be faire and unkinde. And so Madame you see it is time to folde our flockes, or els Coridon wil frown, & say you wil neuer proue good huswife. Which that they put their sheepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as inerp as might be, that she was thus in y^e company of her Rosalynd: but the pooze soule, that had loue her loadstarre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancy, coulde take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate penance pooze Rosader was enioyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last he fel into this humour with his selfe.

Rosalynde passionate alone.

A Rosalynde, how the fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thee unhappy: for when fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her son in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond gerle, he is an vntruly guest to harbour: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Dost thou not haue Venus seeks to wrap thee in her Laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrows, faires, and discontent: she is a Syren, stoppe thine eares at her melody: she is a Basiliske, shut thine eyes and gaze not at her lest thou perishe. Thou art nowe placed in the countrey content, where are heavenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lawnds where thy flockes feede, Diana haunts: be as her nymphs chaste, an enemy to loue: for there is no greater honour to a maide, than to account of Fancie as a mortall foe to their sere. Daphne, that bonny wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets faine, but for her chastity her fame was immortall, resembling the Iawrell that is euer greene. Follow thou her steppes Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be rentured with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, lest louing in haste, thou repent thee at lesure. Ah but yet Rosalynd, it is Rosader that courts thee, on who as it is beautifull, so he is verti-

Euphues

ous, and barbozeth in his minde as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours: and therfore Rosalynd stoope to Loue, least being either too coy, or too cruel, Venus wareth wrath and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalynd thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Waine was risen in the North. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest, al but the poore Rosalynd, who was so full of passions, that she could not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was perfozmed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner slept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede: who restless al night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to go to the field to unfold their sheep. Aliena (that spied wher the hare was by the hollos, & could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, & therfore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, & as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora. Phœbus hath not dyed by the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fit to leade the sheepe abroad: lest the dew being unwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the old prouerb true, he is in haste whom the diuel diues: and where loue pricks for ward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fantrie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart? What, hast thou wrapt loue in thy lookes? and set al thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quencht as that of Aetna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue faculty attractive like the irat, & retentive like the Diamond: they dally in the delighe of faire obiects, til gazing on the Panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a deuouring panch. Come on (qud. Ganimede) (this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning colde, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this wile carries no paulme, and therfore vp and away. And for loue let me alone; Ile whip him away with Pettes, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces: and therfore look you to your self, be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend: not too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that wil make you errie Peccadi. And that it is (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so early this

golden Legacie

this morning. And with that she slipt on her petticoate, and start vp: and as soone as she had made her readie, & taken her breakfast, away go these two with the bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Iorismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented forrester was walking in his melancholy. As soone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and said to Ganimede, wipe your eyes sweeting, for powder is your sweet heart this morning in deepe prayers no doubt to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe *memento*, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation, no doubt of your Rosalynd. Take heede forrester, step not too far, the Food may bee deepe, and you slip ouer the shoes: I tel thee, flies haue their spleen, the ants cholles, the least hautes shadowes, & the smallest loues grāt desires. 'Tis good (forrester) to loue, but not to ouer-loue, lest in louing her that likes thee not, thou sold thy selfe in an endlesse Labyrinth. Rosader seeing the faire shepheardeesse and her prettie swaine, in whose companie he felt the greatest ease of his care, he returned them a salute on this manner.

Gentle shepheards all haile, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happie in content. Loue is restless, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that there I find busie thoughts, & broken slumbers: here, (although euerie where passionate) I brooke loue with more patience, in that euery object feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies: when I looke on Floras beauteous tapistrie, checkered with the pride of al her treasures, I cal to mind the faire face of Rosalind, whose heauenly hue exceeds the rose & lillie in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of *Phæbus* shine, puts me in mind to thinke of the sparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and sette my heart first on fire: the sweet harmony of the birds puts me in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Syren enchanteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I saw my sorrows, with applying the perfection of euery object to the excellency of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (qd. Aliena) & so much, that I
h
haue

Euphues

haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should euer proue as amorous as Oenone, & might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Iteem Foxrestier, (quoth Ganimede) the faire shepheardesse fauours you, who is mistres of so many flocks. Leave off man y suspicion of Rosalynds loue, wheras watching at her, you roue beyond the Moone, and cast your lookes vpon my mistris, who no doubt is as faire, though not so royal, one bird in the hand, is worth two in the wood: better possesse the loue of Aliena, then catch friuolously at the shadow of Rosalynd.

Ile tel thee boy, quoth Ganimede. so is my fancy fixed on my Rosalynd, that were thy mistres as faire as Læda or Danae, whom Ioue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath Loue lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of another. Venus is too blame (Foxrestier) if hauing so true a seruant of you, she rewardeth you not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more fairer then her selfe.

But leauing this prattle, now ile put you in mind of your promise, about those Sonnets which you said were at home in your lodge. I haue them about me, quoth Rosader, let vs sit downe, and then you shal heare what a Doctical fury Loue wil infuse into a man: with that they sat downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig trees, and Rosader fetchng a deep sigh, reade them this Sonnet.

Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:
Yet fith for her they wept who guides my heart,
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where *Venus* baynes her selfe incenst with loue,
Where *Cupid* bowseth his faire feathered wings,
But I behold what paines I must approne.

Care drinke it dry, but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke,

golden Legacie.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
By them the windes increast and fiercely blow:
Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appeares,
And by their force, with greater power doth glow.
Amids these paines, al Phoenix like I thrive,
Sith loue that yeelds me death may life reuiue.

Rosader en esperance.

Now surely Forrester, quoth Aliena, when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too feareful, as despairing of thy mistris fauors, nor too glee some, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile quoth Ganymede, at the Sonnettoes, Canzones, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelaies that these pensilue patients poure out, when their eyes are more ful of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. When, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse labozynth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely haue their humors in their inckpot. If they find women so fond, that they wil with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorged with pleasures: and then lie they away (like ramage Kites) to their owne content, leauing the game foole their mistres ful of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some warie wanton, that wants not such a one as therselues, but spies their subtilty) they end their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their Mistres is cruel, and they smother passions with patience. Such gentle Forrester we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the time heere in these woddes with writing amors, then to bee deeply enamored (as you say) of your Rosalynd. If you be such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the highest, and your desires to be most excellent, then that you may with Ixion, embrace Iuno in a clowd, & haue nothing but a marble Mistresse to release your martirdome: but if you be true and trustie, sic-painde and heart sicke, then accursed be Rosalynd if she prooue cruel: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as she. Aliena spying the Noyme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganymede flew to the list without any call: but Rosader, who

Euphues

tooke him flat for a Shepheards Swaine, made him this answer.

Trust me Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in so much humour: for mine eyes and mine hart are relatives, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertayning her by sorrow. If thou sawest me Rosalynd, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her: then wouldst thou say, there is none so sickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If she had bin Aeneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence (despight of them) would haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had beene as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both so honorable and excellent as she: neither had the Philbert-tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the Storres haue beene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had beene trustie to their Paragons. I wil tel thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues: and see what deepe impressions of her Idea affection hath made my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse endued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needes there patience in loue? Or is in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restlesse soze, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorowes, suddaine toyes, momentarie pleasures, continual feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes to be found in loue: then is not he to be accounted patient, that smotheres all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we hold all thy words for Axiomes: but is Loue such a lingering maladie? Is it (quoth he) either extreme or meane, according to the mind of the partie that entertaines it: for as the weeds grow longer vntoucht than the prettie flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quarrie, when the Emerald is suffering the Lapidaries toole: so meane men are freed from Venus injuries, when kings are enuironed with a labyrinth of fates. The whiter the Laine is, the deeper is the moale, the more pure the Christolite, the sooner stained: and such as haue their harts full of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest sorowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) he fixeth his hart, he neuer leaneth to assault him, til either he hath woone him to folly or fancy: for as the Moone neuer goes without the flat Lunis quae, so a

Louer

golden Legacie.

Louer neuer goeth without the vrest of his thoughts. For prooue
you shal heare another fancy of my making. Now doe gentle Forre-
ster (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read ouer his Sonnetto.

Rosaders second Sonetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the Skies,
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eyes:
If so I looke vpon the ground,
Loue then euery flower is found.
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meetes me in the shades againe.
Wend I to walke in secret groue,
Euen there I meet with sacred loue.
If so I baine me in the spring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He wil be partner of my mone.

If so I morne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there wil he be.
When as I talke of *Rosalynd*,
The God from coyntelle waxeth kinde:
And seemes in selfe same thing to say,
Because he loues as wel as I.
Sweete *Rosalynd* for pittie rue,
For why than loue I am more true:
He if he speed wil quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

Now like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader. Sharp quoth Gani-
mede. for the pen wel: for the passion ill: for as I praise the one, I
pitty the other, in that thou shouldst hunt after a Clowdr, and loue
either without reward or regard. Tis neither for wardnesse (quoth
Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose destinies haue crost me with
her absence: for did she feele my loues, she would not let me linger in
these sorowes. Women, as they are saide, so they respect faith, and
estimate more (if they be honourable) the wit than the wealth, hauing
loyaltie the object where at they payme their fancies: But leauing off
these enterparleys, you shal heare my last Sonetto, and then you

Euphues

haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he sighed out this.

Rosaders third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaine:
For perfect faire is she, the onely one,
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.
Thus for my faith I onely heare the bell,
And for her faire stre onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* shrowd his *Lawraes* praise,
And *Tasso* ceale to publish his affect,
Sith mine the faith confirme at al assaies,
And hers the faire, which all men do respect.
My lines her faire, her faire my faith allures,
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me indures.

Thus quoth *Rosader*, here is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him that in the depth of his distresse, hath noue but the eccho to answer him. *Ganimede* pittyping her *Rosader*, thinking to driue him out of his amorous melancholy, sayd that now the Sunne was in his meridionall beate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner, for the sunne and our stomaches are shepheards Dials. Therefore *Forrester*, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scripps, welcome shal answer whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. *Alvena* tooke the entertainment by the end, and tolde *Rosader* hee should be her guest. Hee thankte them heartily, and satte with them downe to dinner, where they had such rates as country state did allow them, lawit with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweete then all their Country minkets.

As soone as they had taken their repast, *Rosader* giuing them thanks for his good cheere, would haue beene gone: but *Ganimede*, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: *May Forrester*, quoth he, if thy businesse be not the greater, seeing thou saidst thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst woo, I wil represent *Rosalynd*, & thou shalt be as thou art. *Rosader*, see

golden Legacie.

in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, howe thou couldest court her, and while we sing of loue, Aliena shall tune her pipe and play vs melodie. Content quoth Rosader. And Aliena she to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

The wooing Eglogue betweene Rosalynd and Rosader.

Rosader.

I pray thee Nymph by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that louers know,
Or what our thoughts or soltering tongue affords,
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe.
Sweete Rosalynd my loue (would God my loue)
My life, (would God my life) aye pittie me:
Thy lips are kinde and humble like the doue,
And but with beautie pittie will not be.
Looke on mine eyes madered with ruthfull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:
All pale in lookes, and I though yong in yeares,
And nought but loue or death my daies befriendeth,
O let no stormie rigor knit thy browes,
Which loue appoynted for his mercie seate,
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,
The iron veelds with hammer and with heate.

Oh Rosalynd then be thou pittiful,
For Rosalynd is onely beautifull.

Rosalynd.

Loues wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,
With vowes, with oathes, with looks, with showers of
But when the fruit of their affects appeares, (gold,
The simple heart by subtile slights is sold.
Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned baite,
Thus feedes the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,
Thus glut the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.

The

Euphues

The lovely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,
The dew of deepe dilembling doublenesse:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beautie leanes to wit and soothfastnes.

Oh *Rosader* then be thou wittifull,
For *Rosalynd* scornes foolish pittifull.

Rosader.

I pray thee *Rosalynd* by those sweete eyes,
That staine the sunne in shine, the Moone in cleare,
By those sweete cheekes where loue incamped lies,
To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.
I tempt thee *Rosalynd* by ruthful plaints,
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile:
But firme in paine, far more then tongue depaints,
Sweete Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile,
So may the heauens preferue from hurtfull food,
Thy harmlesse flockes, so may the summer yeeld,
The pride of al her riches and her good,
To feed thy sheepe (the Cittizens of field)
Oh leaue to arme thy lovely browes with scorne,
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:
And louers nought but sighs and bitter morne,
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.

Oh *Rosalynd*, then bee thou pittifull,
For *Rosalynd* is onely beautifull.

Rosalynd.

The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame,

Rosader. And *Rosalynd* my loue that any wooll more softer,
And shall not sighes her tender heart inflame,

Rosalynd Where louers true, maides would beleue them ofier,

Rosader Truth and regarde, and honour guide my loue,

Rosalynd Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie,

Rosader Oh pittie me sweete nymph, and do but prooue,

Rosalynd I will resist, but yet I know not why:

Rosader Oh *Rosalynd* be kind, for times will change,

Thy lookes aye nill be faire as now they be:

Thine age from bea: tie may thy lookes estrange,

Ah yeeld in time sweete nymph and pittie me.

Rosalynd

golden Legacie.

Rosalynd Oh *Rosalynd* thou must be pittifull,
For *Rosader* is yong and beautifull:

Rosader O gaine more great then kingdomes or a Crowne.

Rosalynd O trust betraide if *Rosader* abuse mee.

Rosader First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,
And heauens and earth as abiect quite refuse me,

Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,

And wretchlesse horror hatcht within my breast,

Let beauteous eyes afflict me with a lower,

Let deepe dispaire pursue me without rest,

Ere *Rosalynd* my loyalty disproue,

Ere *Rosalynd* accuse me for vnkind,

Rosalynd Then *Rosalynd* will grace thee with her loue,

Then *Rosalynd* will haue thee still in minde.

Rosader Then let me triumph more then *Tuhons* deare,

Sith *Rosalynd* will *Rosader* respect,

Then let my face exile his sory cheere,

And frolike in the comfort of affect,

And say that *Rosalind* is onely pittifull,

Sith *Rosalynd* is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede as Augure of some goods fortunes to light vpon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How nowe Forrester, haue I not fitted your turne? haue I not plaide the woman handsomely, and shewed my selfe as coy in garments, as courtous in desires, and bin as ful of suspicion, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue al, iumpe I not at vpper with the sweete vnion of loye? Did not *Rosalynd* content her *Rosader*? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth gentle swaine, *Rosader* hath his *Rosalynd*, but as *Ixion* did *Iuno*, who thinking to possesse a goddesse, onely embraced a cloude; in these imaginative fruitions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselues with *Zephes* painted grapes, but they grow so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were gladde with *A-sops* cocke, to scrape for a barly cornell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my mistris fauours, soothe my

Euphues

selfe in thy lutes, and onely in conceits reape a wished for content : but if my foode be no better then such amorous dreames, Venus at the peares end, shal find me but a leane Lover. Yet do I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, do deuine some vnfained end of ensuing fancies. And there vpon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the Priest, from this day forth Ganimede shal cal thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so wee le haue a marriage. Content quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose : and so with a smile and blush, they made by this feasting match, that after grewd to a marriage in earnest : Rosader full little knowing he had wooed & wonne his Rosalynd.

But al was wel, hope is a sweet string to harp on, and therfore let the Forrester a while harp himselfe to his shadow, and tarry fortunes leisure, til he may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse and therfore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pin, unlesse there were some cheere, nor that bargain wel made, that was not striken by with a cup of wine : and therfore she wold Ganimede to set out such eates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceite these eates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a Pazer of wine, and to drinke to his Rosalynd, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant druites. Til at last Aliena petroued that she wold tarry no man, and that the Sunne waxed very low, ready to set : which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the Banquet with a fresh Carouse : which done, they all three arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now Forrester, Phoebeus that al this while hath been partaker of our sports seeing euery woodman moze fortunate in his loues, than he in his fancies, seeing thou hast wonne Rosalynd, when he could not wooe Daphne, hides his face for shame, & bids vs adieu in a clowd. Dur Therpe, the poore wantous wander towards their folos, as taught by nature their due time of rest, which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Harp though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the hyde with me, and to morrow morning if you meete vs heere, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maid as I find her. Content quoth Rosader, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to boate on loue:

and

golden Legacie

and so til to morrow you to your soales, and I wil to my lodge: and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena & Ganymede went & followed their flocks, & taking vp their bookes, their bags, and their bottles, bied homeward. By the way Aliena (to make the time seeme short, began to prattle with Ganymede thus: I haue heard them say: that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the Starres are sticklers in Venus court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destiny: if it be so, then by al probable coniectures, this match wil be a marriage: for if Augurisme be authentical, or the Diuines doomes principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods force the conceit of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding. Thus quoth Ganymede, al is not maule that is cast on the Kil, there goes more words to a bargaine then one, loue feelles no footing in the ayre, and fancie holdes it slipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but he may misse his marke: but if Fortune be his friend, I wil not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Mistres Aliena) take it. I take all things wel, quoth she, that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts wil be at quiet: your eye that euer looketh at loue, wil not lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they wil proue more burome, and you more blithe, for the eyes of the master feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon where he came plodding to meet them: who told them supper was readie, which newes made them speed their home. Where we wil leaue them til the next morrow, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux, and the Court of France by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to gette to Lyons, and so trauel through Germanie into Italy: but the forrest being ful of by-paths, and be vnskilful of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Dezart, not far from the place where Gerismond was & his brother Rosader. Saladine wearie with wandring vp and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a litle caue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did affoord, and con-

Euphues

tenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had provided, and thirst made delicate; he after his repast fel into a dead sleepe. As thus lay, a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for pray, and espying Saladine, began to seaze vpon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Lions hate to pray on dead carcases, and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladine slept secure, fortune that was carefull of her Champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing stricken a Deere, that but lightly hurt, fled through the thicket) came packing downe by the groue with a Boare-speare in his hand in great haste, hee espyed where a man lay asleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight as hee stood gazing, his nose on a sodaine bled, which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Therupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, and perceiuing by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladine, which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnerpected a chaunce, maruailing what should bring his Brother to trauesse those secret desarts without any companie, in such distressed and forlorne sort. But the present time craving no such doubting ambages, for hee must either resolute to hazard his life in his reliefe, or else steale away, and leaue him to the cruelty of the Lion. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe.

Rosaders meditation.

NOW Rosader, fortune that long hath whipt thee with Nettles, meanes to salue thee with Roses, and hauing crost thee with many frownes; now she presents thee with the brightnesse of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, maist account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happie, or sweete reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladine thine enemy, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the cruelty of a mercilesse Lion, brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in reuenging his wrongs and thy iniuries. Seest thou not how the Starres are in a fauourable aspect, the Planets in some pleasing coniunction, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the Destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladine

golden Legacie.

ladine shall die, and thou be free of his blood: he receiues need for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent hands. Nowe Rosader shalt thou returne vnto Burdeaux, and inioy thy possessions by birth, and his reuenues by inheritance: now maist thou triumph with loue, and hang fortunes alters with garlands: For when Rosalynd heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Chrysocol, that is euer vnperfect, vnlesse tempered with gold: and Iupiter soonest enioyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his Boare-speare vpon his necke, away he began to trudge. But he had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion strooke him to the verie heart, that resting his boare-speare against his breast, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Iohn of Burdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valure, and the most hardie knight in all Europe: Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne, and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breathe out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balsamum, that salueth the most dangerous sores: Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladine hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the forest, shall thy nature be so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dismal a reuenge: what, to let him be deuoured by wild beasts? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit*, is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader, to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him, thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friende, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasing a foe, then reuenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rouse himselfe: whereupon Rosader suddainly charged him with the Boare-speare, and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroake. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a sore pinch on the breast, that he had al-

Euphues

most false, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in those combate slew the Lion, who at his death roared so loud, that Saladine awaked, and starting vp, was amazed at the sodaine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceit) began to conjecture that the gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon, (as a man in a trance) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last he burst in these tearmes. Sir, whatsoever you be, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour.) I perceiue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine owne losse: which ties me to be thine in all humble service. Thanks thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue, for my abilities denies mee to performe a deeper debt. But if any waies it please thee to command me, vse me as far as the power of a poore Gentleman will stretch.

Rolander seeing hee was vnknowne to his brother, wondered to heare such courteous words come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nature, he made this answer. I am Sir (whatsoever thou art) a forrester, and a raunger of these walks, who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some attending Fate, that I might saue thee, & disparage my selfe. For coming into this place, I saw thee asleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising he might pray vpon thy carcasse. At the first sight I coniectured thee a gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to be sauourable in imagination (and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of mine owne blood, which I haue performed (thou seest) in mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exteriour lineaments, make discourse vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes: for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be cross with her frownes: but whatsoever, or howsoever, let me craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladine sitting downe, and fetching a deep sigh, began thus.

Saladines discourse to Rolander

vnknowne.

Although

golden Legacie.

Although the discourse of my fortunes bee the renewing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scar, will open a fresh wound, yet I may not prooue ingrateful to so courteous a Gentleman, I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, then giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therefore (Sir) that I am of Burdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honors hath reacht further then the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my father in possessions, but not in qualities, hauing two brethren committed by my father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concord, as might haue pierst like the Sphers melodie into my humane eare. But I with (Vlysses) became deafe against his Philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit then of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle brother to the Uniuersitie to be a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke while I feed on his reuenues: and for the yongest, which was my fathers top, yong Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine fate him downe and wept. Pay forward man (quoth the forester,) teares are the vnfectest salue that man can apply for to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of gentlemans lookes to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings tears from my eyes, and bloud from my heart, was like my father in exterior personage, & in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yeares he aimed at his acts at honour, & coueted rather to die, then to brooke any iniurie vnworthy a gentlemans credite. I whom enuie had made blinde, and couetousnesse masked with the bale of selfe loue, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to suppress it being a twig, but nature wil haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the diamond bright, the carbuncle glistering, & vertue will shine though it bee neuer so much obscure. For I kept Rosader as a slaue, and vled him as one of my seruaile bindes, vntil age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that hee could not

Euphues

not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, & to liue of himselfe. To be short sir, I repined at his fortunes, & he countercheckt me not with abilitie but valour, vntil at last by my friends & aide of such as followed gold more then right or vertue, I banished him from Burdeaux, and he poore Gentleman, liues no man knows where, in some distressed content. The Gods not able to suffer such impiety vntreuged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causelesse quarrel against me, in hope to haue my landes, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer. Thus, thus sir, am I the most miserable of al men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in al submission, and afterward wend to the holie Land, to end my peares in as many vertues, as I haue haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began to compassionate his sorowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of nature with fained secrecy, hee burst into these louing speeches. Then know Saladyne, quoth he, that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy miserie.

Saladyne casting vp his eie, and noting wel the physnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such sort, that he shewed how highly he held reuenge in scoone. Such a doo there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in crauing pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and forgetting al former iniuries: the one submisle, the other curteous, Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kinde and louing: that at length Nature worketh an vnion of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and sel from matters of vnkindnes, to talke of the Country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humoz Rosader conducted him to Gerimonds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how al had hapned betwixt them. The King
looking

golden Legacie

looking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a most beauteful personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honora, gaue him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconciliation, promising such fauour as the pouerty of his estate might afforde, which Saladine gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond sel to question of Torismonds life. Saladine briefly discoust vnto him his iniustice and tyranies: with such modesty (although he had wronged him,) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Many questions past, but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his Daughter Rosalind. None sir, quoth Saladine: for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Inuiours fortune (quoth the King) that to double the Fathers misery, wrongest the Daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorowes) he went into his Cell, and left Saladine & Rosader, whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spender. Who seeing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne study: but when he heard the whole matter, although he grieved for the exile of his Maister, yet he ioyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth, he was proued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiarity past betweene them, and what fauours were enterchanged with brotherly affection, he said thus: yea mary, thus it should be, this was the concord that old Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, wish't betwixt you. Now fulfill you those preceptes he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them, looke to your fortune; and die honourable. Well said Adam Spender, quoth Rosader: but ha'st any victuals in store for vs? A peece of Rode Deere quoth he, and a bottle of wine. 'Tis Forresters fate Brother, (quoth Rosader:) and so they sate downe and sel to their carers. Assoone as they had taken their repast and wel dined, Rosader tooke his Brother Saladine by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enioyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked by and down with his Brother, to shew him of the commodities that belonged to his walke. In which time he was mist of his Ganymede, who missed greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their Forrester. Some while they thought he had taken

Euphues

some woold vnkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined
some new toyle had withdrawne his fancie, or happily he was sick,
or detained by some great busines of Gerismonds, or that he had
made a reconciliation with his brother, & so returned to Bordeaux.
These coniectures did they cast in their heades, but especially
Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart, proued restlesse, and halfe
without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence:
for loue measures euery minute, and thinks houres to be daies, and
daies to be moneths, till they feede their eyes with the sight of their
desired object. Thus perplexed liued pooze Ganimede, while on a
day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, shee cast vp her eye, and
saw where Rosader came pating towards hem, with his foxrest
hill on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and shee sayde
to Aliena, see mistris where our iolly foxrestler comes. And you are
not a little glad (quoth Aliena) your nose bewaies what pottage
you loue, the wind cannot bee eyed within a quarter, the sunne sha-
dowd within a hale, Dyle hidde in water, nor loue kept out of a
womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. As soone
as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena
beganne thus. Welty howe gentle foxrestler, what winde
hath kept you from hence: that being so newly married, you haue
no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absence your selfe so manie
dayes: are these the passions you painted out in your Sonnets and
roundelaires? I see well hot loue is soone cold, and that the fancie of
men is like a loose feather that wandereth in the aire with the blast
of euery wiade. You are deceived mistris quoth Rosader, I was a
coppie of vpholnesse that kept me hence, in that I being married
you gott away the bride: but if I haue given any occasion of of-
fence by absending my selfe these three dayes, I humbly sue for par-
don, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendlie
confest with penance. But to tell you the truth faire mistris, and my
good Rosalynd my eldest brother by the iniurie of Torismond, is
banisht from Bordeaux, & by chance he and I met in the foxrest. And
here Rosader discoursed vnto them what had hapned betwixt them,
which reconciliation made them glad, especially Ganimede. But
Aliena hearing of the tyrannie of her father, grieued inwardly, and
yet smothered all things with such secrecy, that the concealing was
more sorrow then the conceit: yet that her estate might be hid still,

golden Legacie.

She made faire weather of it, and so lette all passe, and would chuse
 Fortune that sawe howe these parties valued not her Deitie,
 but helde her power in scoone, thought to haue a bout with them,
 and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine Kalkales that li-
 ued by prowling in a Forrest, who for feare of the Princes War-
 shall, had caues in the groues and thickets, to shrowde themselves
 from his traines: hearing of the beautie of this faire shepheardesse
 Aliena, thought to steale her away, & giue her to the king for a pre-
 sent, hoping because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to
 purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her
 page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena & Ganymede were in sad
 talke, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands vpon Aliena and
 her page, which made them crie out to Rosader, who hauing the va-
 lour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in de-
 fence of his friends, then any way to be toucht with the least blemish
 of dishonour, & therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his
 weapon, as he did witnesse wel vpon their carcasses that he was no
 coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra suos*, so Rosader could
 not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him: so that he was not
 onely battred, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganymede had him
 quite carried away by the Kalkales, had not Fortune (that meane to
 turne her frowne into a fauour,) brought Saladine that way by
 chance, who walking to find out his brothers walk, encountred this
 crew, and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy foxren, but
 his brother wounded, he beamed by a Forrest bil he had on his neck,
 and the first hee strooke, had neuer after more neede of the physician,
 redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were a-
 mazed at his valour.

Rosader seeing his brother so fortunately arrived, and seeing
 how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed a-
 mong them, and laide on such load, that some of the crew were slaine
 and the rest fled, leauing Aliena and Ganymede to the possession of
 Rosader and Saladine.

Aliena after she had breathed a while, and was come to her
 selfe from this feare, lookt about her, & saw where Ganymede was
 busie, dressing up the wounds of the forrestier: but she cast her eye
 vpon this courteous Champion, that had more fauour & rescue, and
 that with such a section, as she began to measure euery part of him

Euphues

with fauour, and in her selfe, to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaulte such a croupe of vnbidded villaines. At last gathering his spirits together, he returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh, to rescue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden Vertues as you haue manifest resolutions. The poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can wee not make requitall with anie great treasure. But our recompence is thanks, and faithfull rewards to our friends without fauour. For ransom therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kind of gratiety, as a poore Shepheardesse & her page may giue you: with promise (in what we may) neuer to proue ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, young Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance, weele pay him with smiles, & feed him with louelocks, and though he be neuer the faster at the yeares ende, yet weele so hamper him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this Shepheardesse speake so wisely, beganne more narrowly to pry into her affection, and to suruey all her liniments with a carious insight: so long ballping in the flame of her beautie, that he could be found her to be most excellent: for hee that lured in all these dayes to haue a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer after be raced out. At last, after he had looked so long til Aliena waxt red, he returned her this answer.

Faire Shepheardesse, if fortune graced me with such good happe, as to do you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest: for the reliefe of a distressed woman, is the speciall poynt, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duty then courtesy, thanks is more then belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either too coy or too carelesse of a Gentlewomanis proffer, I will take your kinde Gratiety for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganmede lookt earnestly vpon him, and sayde. Cruelly Rosader this Gentleman fauours you much in the rescue of your face. No maruaile, quoth he (gentle Swaine) for tis my eldest brother Saladine. Your Brother, quoth

golden Legacie.

(quoth Aliena) and with that she blusht, he is the more wel come, and I hold my selfe the more his debter, and for that he hath in our behalfe done such a peece of seruice, if it please him to doo mee that honoz, I will cal him seruant, and he shal cal me mistress. Content sweete mistress, quoth Saladine, and when I forget to call you so, I will be vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quikes and quiddities of loue quoth Rosader, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bleede sore, and I will haue them drest. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her hart, to see her Rosader so painted, and therfore shept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a Dazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about hir, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he tooke his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede as soone as they were out of sight, led his flocke down to a vale, and there vnder the shadow of a Beech tree late dwayne, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart. And Aliena as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganimede, sitting vnder a Limon tree, beganne to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with her selfe on this manner.

Alienae Meditation.

A Deitie, now I see, and sorrowing, sigh to see, that Dianae lawes are harbourers of Venus Doves, that there trace as well through the lawnes, wacons as chaste-ones, & Calisto be she neuer so chaste, will cast an amorous eie at courting Loue: that Diana her self will change her shape, but she wil honoure loue in a shadow: that maidens eyes, be they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them more pliable then waxe. See Aliena how fortune and Loue haue interleagued themselues to be thy foes, and to make thee their subiect, or else their abiect, haue inueagled thy sight with a most beautiful obiect, Of late thou dost hold Venus for a giggle, not a goddesse, & now thou shalt be forced to sue suppliant to her Deitie. Cupid was a boy and blinde, but alas his eye had aime inough to pierce thee to the heart. While I liued in the court, I helde loue in contempt, and in high seates I had smal desire. I knew not affection while I liued in dignitie, nor could Venus countercheeke me, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughts honour: and that I now be high in desires, when I am made low by destinie.

Euphues

I haue heard them say, that none looks not at low Cottages, that Venus sits in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high, that he scornes to touch pouerty with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but old wiues tales, and neither authentical precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tels thee, that Peasants haue their passions, as wel as the Princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lukes as soone about a Sherpcoate as a Pallace.

Al Alinda this day in auoyding a ppeindice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischicfe, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become a captiue to Saladine, and what then women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eie is leueld vpon a more seemlier Saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience, none hath wrongd thee, y^e hath not wooing him, & if he be proude in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather die then discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a womā, then to conceale loue, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heyre of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comlie enough, oh Alinda, too comly, els hadst not thou bin thus discontent: valiant, & that fettered shine eie, wise, els hadst thou been now wonne: but for al these vertues, banished by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he wil hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yong lien for the old stock. Well, howsoener, I must loue: and whomsoeuer I wil, and what locut betide, Aliena wil thinke wel of Saladine: suppose he of me as he please. And with that fetching a deep sigh, she rose vp, and went to Ganimede, who al this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being ouer-grown with sorowes, and to recal her from her melancholie with many pleasant persuasions, Ganimede tooke al in the best part, and so they went home together after they had solded their flocks, supping with old Coridon, who had provided their eates. He after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yong Shepheard that was in loue with Phoebe, could by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her hands: but still pained in restless passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phoebe, is she so faire
that

golden Legacie.

that she thinks no shepheard worthy of her beautie: or so forward
that no loue nor topaltie will content her: or so coy, that she requires
a long time to be wooed, or so foolish that she forgets, that like a
fox she must haue a large harness for a little cozne.

I cannot distinguish quoth Coridon, of these nice qualities,
but one of these daies Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you
may see their persons, and note their passions: and then where the
blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if all
maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe: for
there would be great stye of wooing, and little wedding, manie
words and little worship, much folly, and no faith. At this sad sen-
tence of Coridon so solemnely brought forth, Aliena smiled, & be-
cause it was late, she and hir page went to bed, both of them hauing
fleas in their eares to keepe them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of
her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladine. In
this discontented humour they pass away the time, til falling asleepe,
their senses at rest, loue left them to their quiet slumbers: which
were not long, for as soone as Phoebe rose from his Aurora, and be-
gan to mount him in the skie, summoning plough-swaines to their
handy labour, Aliena aroise, and going to the couch where Gani-
mede lay, awakened hir page, and said, the morning was far spent,
the dew small, and time called them away to the folkes. Ah, ha,
quoth Ganimede, is the wind in that dooze: then in faith I perceiue
there is no Diamond so hard, but will yield to the file, no Cedar
so strong, but the wind will shake, or no mind so chaste, but loue
will change, Tell Aliena, must Saladine be the man, and wil he be
a match? Trust me, he is faire & valiant, the son of a worthy knight,
whom if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in proporti-
on, he is worthie of no lesse then Aliena. But he is an exile, what
then, I hope my mistress respects the vertues, not the wealth, and
measures the qualities, not the substance. Those Dames that are
like Danae, that like loue in no shape but in a shower of gold: I
wish them husbands with much wealth, and little wit, that the want
of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my
Aliena) staine the honoz of a shepheards life, to set the end of pas-
sions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looke not so low as gold, there is no
fees to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder time (as Coridon
hath told mee) the shepheards loue-gifts were apples and chest-
nuts,

Euphues

nuts, and then their desires were loyal, and their thoughts constant.
But now

Quarenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres
wrote one:

omnis enim res

Virtus fama decus diuina humanaque pulchra

Dimitti parent: quas qui constrixerit, ille

Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam et rex

Et quicquid velit.

But Aliena let it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect
his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus for-
ward to further Saladine in his affections, thought she kist the child
for the Nurses sake, and woeed for him, that she might please Rosa-
der, made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou
seene loue in my lookes, or are mine eies growne so amorous, that
they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my
thoughts by my countenance, thou maist proue as if a Sphigomet
as the Lapidarie, that aimes at the secret vertues of the Topaze, by
the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not
knownen by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse,
but by his hardnes. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not euer the
most precious: and the Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their co-
lours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies Calen-
ders of fancie, nor do their thoughts and their lookes euer agree:
for when their eies are fullest of fauours, then are they oft most emp-
tie of desire: and when they seeme to frowne and disdaine, then are
they most forward to affection. If I be melancholy, then Ganimede
tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Sa-
ladine. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor Loue kept so
couert, but it wil be spied, what should friends conceale fancies?
Know my Ganimede, the beauty and valor, the wit & prowess of
Saladine, hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing
to her eies, but the sight of Saladine, & if loue haue done me ius-
tice

golden Legacie

tice, to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of thy face, and that he is as deeply enamored as I am passionate: I tel thee Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already won, and what needs a longer batterie. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, that thou shalt be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladine, & I with Rosader, thus haue the destinies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspect: that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her ready, and went into the fieldes with Aliena, where unfolding their flocks, they fate them downe vnder an Olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diuersly affected: Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladine, & Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought, till they might heare of his health. As thus both of them fate in their dumps they might espie where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with haste. What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh mistress (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time desired to see Phoebe, the faire shepheardesse whom Montanus loues, if now so it please you and Ganimede to walke with me to ponder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with his countrie ditties, and she so coy as if she held loue in diswaime.

The newes were so welcome to the two louers, that vpper they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phoebe fate, (the fairest shepheardesse in all Arden, and the frolickest swaine in the whole Forrest,) she in a petticoate of scarlet, couered with a Greene mantle, and to shroude her from the sun, a chaplet of roses, from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, & two such eyes as might haue amated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous nymph fate the sheheard, feeding his eies with her fauours, wooing with such pittious looks, and courting with such deep strained sighes, as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue bin compassionate, at last firing his lookes on the riches of his face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournfull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A turtle fate vpon a leauelesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,

L

With

Euphues

With sad and sorry chere,
 About her wondring stood
 The Citizens of wood,
 And whilst her plumes she rents,
 And for her loue lamentes,
 The stately trees, commaune them,
 The birds with sorrow paine them,
 Each one that doth her views,
 Her paine and sorrowes rue:
 But were the sorrowes knowne,
 That me hath ouertowne,
 Oh how would *Phoebe* sigh, if she did looke on me.
 The loueficke *Polypheme* that could not see,
 Who on the *Barraine* shore,
 His fortunes did deplore,
 And melteth al in mone,
 For *Galathea* gone,
 And with his cryes,
 Afflicts both earth and skyes,
 And to his woe betooke,
 Dorth breake both pype and hooke,
 For whom commaunes the morne,
 For whome the Sea Nymphes mourne,
 Alas his paine is nought,
 For were my woe but thought,
 Oh how would *Phoebe* sigh, if she did looke on me:
 Beyond compare my paine,
 yet gladam I,
 If gentle *Phoebe* daigne,
 to see her *Montanus* die.
 After this *Montanus* felt his passions so extreame, that he set
 into this exclamation against the iniustice of *Love*,

Helas Tirant plein de rigueur,

Modere un peu ta violence,

Que te sert de si grande dispoence

golden Legacie

*C'est trop de flammes pour un cœur,
 Espargnez en vne estincelle,
 Puis fait ton effort d'esmonoir,
 La fiere qui ne veut point voir,
 En quel feu ie brusle pour elle.
 Execute Amour ce dessein,
 Et rabaisse en pen son audace,
 Son cœur ne doit estre de glace,
 Bien que elle ait de Nieve le sein.*

Montanus ended his Sonnet with such a vollie of sighes, and such a streame of teares, as might haue mooued any but Phoebe to haue graunted him saueur. But she measuring al his passions with a coy disdaine, and triumphing in the poore shepheards patheticall humors, smiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had been no mauldy, scornefully warbled out this Sonnet,

Phaebes Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe,

Thus Phillis sung,

By fancie once distressed.

Whoso by foolish loue are stung,
 are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, with a downe downe, &c.

When loue was first begot,

And by the mothers will:

Did fall to humane lot,

His solace to fulfill,

Deuide of al deceit,

A chaste and holy fire,

Did quicken mans conceit,

And womens breast inspire,

The Gods that saw the good,

That mortals did approue,

With kind and holy moode,

Began to talke of loue.

Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung,

by fancie once distressed, &c.

Euphues

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare:
Whilst loue indeede and word,
Most faithfull did appeare,
False semblance came in place,
By ieaiousie attended,
And with a double face:
Both loue and fancy blended,
Which make the Gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie,
And maidens scorne a make
Forsooth, and so wil I.

Downe a downe.
Thus Phillis sung,
by fancie once distressed:
Whoso by toolesh loue are stung,
are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, *with downe, a downe, a downe a.*

Montanus hearing the cruel resolution of Phoebe, was so over-
growne with passions, that from amorous ditties, he fell flat into these
tearmes. Ah Phoebe, quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou
regardest not my malady? Am I so hateful an object, that thine eyes
condemne me for an object? Or so base, that thy desires cannot stoop
so low as to lend me a gracious look? my passions are many, my
loues more, my thoughts loyalty, and my fancy faith: all deuoted in
humble deuotion to the seruice of Phoebe, and that I reape no reward
for such fealties. The Swaines daily labours is quit with the Que-
nings hire, the Ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of coine,
what the Oxe sweats out at the plough, he fetcheth at the crib: but in-
fortunate Montanus hath no salve for his sorrow, nor any hope of
recompence for the hazarde of his perplexed passions. If Phoebe,
time may pleade the prooue of my truth, twise seuen winters haue
I loued faire Phoebe: if constancie be a cause to further my sute,
Montanus thoughts haue bin sealed in the sweet of Phoebes excel-
lence, as far frō change as she from loue: if outward passions may dis-
couer inward affectiōs the furrowes in my face may discover the sor-
rowes of my hart, and the map of my lookes the griefe of my mind.
Thou seest (Phoebe) the traitors of dispaire haue made my cheekes
full

golden Legacie.

full of wrinkles, and my scalding sighes haue made the aire
 echo his pittie, conceived in my plaints: Philomiele hearing my passi-
 ons, hath left her mournfull tunes, and listen to the discourse of my
 passions. I haue pourtrayed in euerie tree the beautie of my mistris,
 and the dispaire of my lones. What is it in the woods cannot wit-
 nesse my woes? and who is it would not pittie my plaints? Onely
 Phoebe, and why? because I am Montanus and she Phoebe. I a
 worthlesse swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beau-
 tiffull Phoebe, oh might I say pittifull, then happie were I, though
 I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus
 not by his fortune, but by his loues, and ballance not with wealth,
 but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of
 disquieted cares: if not, wh if Phoebe cannot loue, let a storme of
 frownes end the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in
 my desires, because they are about my deserts, onely at my death
 this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shal say, Montanus died
 for loue of hard harted Phoebe.

At these wordes shee stoode her face full of frownes, and made him
 this short and sharpe replye: Importunate Shepheards, whose
 loues are lawlesse, because restless: are thy passions so extreame
 that thou canst not conceale it with patience? Art thou so follie
 sicke, that thou must needs beaine sicke, and in thy affection tied
 to such an exigent, as none serues but Phoebe? Well say, if your
 market can be made no where else, home again, for your part is at
 the fairest.

Phoebe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high,
 that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Mon-
 tanus I speake not this in pride, but in disdain, not for I scorne thee,
 but that I hate loue, for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer
 Fancie, as ouer fortune. Wilt thee content therefore Montanus,
 cease from thy loues, and bryde thy lookes, quench the sparkles be-
 fore they grow to a further flame, for in louing me thou shalt but
 live by losse, and what thou viterest in words, are all written in the
 wind: Meet thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardie as Hec-
 tor, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander, Phoebe could
 not loue, because she cannot loue at all, and therefore if thou pursue
 me with Phoebus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganymede ouer-hearing these passions of Montanus, could

not brook the crueltie of Phoebe, but starting from behind the bush, said: And if I may see you from me, I would transfigure you as Daphne to a May, and then in contempt, trample your branches under my feet. Phoebe at this sodaine reply was amazed, especially, when she saw so faire a swaine as Ganymede: blushing therefore she would haue bin gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus. What shepheardesse, faire and so cruel? Disdaine he seemes not coittages, nor coyneffe maidens, for either they be condemned to be too proude or too forward. Take heed faire nymph, that in despising loue, you be not overreacht with loue, and in shaking off al, shapen your selfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus proue passionate, & yet vnperit. Of this I haue heard, and sometimes haue scene, high disdaine turned to hoo or hoo. Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy, as there is nothing more faire, so is there nothing more fading: as momentarie as the shadowes that growen from a clowdie dayne. Such my faire shepheardesse, as disdaine in youth, desire in age, & then are they hated in the winter, that might haue bin loued in the prime. A wrinkled maide is like a parched rose, that is cast by in Coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in loue to had I wist, and therefore be ruled by me, loue while thou art yong, lest thou be disdained when thou art old. Beautie nor time cannot be recorde, and if thou loue, like of Montanus, for as his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe al this while gazed on the perfection of Ganymede, as deeply enamored of his perfection, as Montanus inuagled with hers, for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which shee found so rare, that shee thought the ghost of Adonis had bin leapt from Elishum, in the shape of a swaine. When shee blusht at her owne follie to looke so long on a stranger, shee mildly made answer to Ganymede thus. I cannot denie sir but I haue heard of loue, though I neuer felt it our, and haue read of such a Goddess as Venus, though I neuer saw any but her picture: and perhaps, and with that shee waxed red and bashful, and withal silent: which Ganymede perceiving, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forthward. And perhaps shee quoth shee, mine eye hath bene more prodigal to day then euer before, and with that shee staid againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed

golden Legacie.

pleas'd: Aliena seeing the haire brought the more, had her foot with
with her matter: but in vaine, for at this abrupt perion she brake
off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face colored with a ver-
million die, she fate downe and sighes. Whereupon Aliena and
Ganimede seeing the Shepherdesse in such a strange plight, leste
Phoebe with her Monianus, wishing her friendly, that she would
be more pliant to loue, lest in penance Venus ioynd to her some
sharpe penance. Phoebe made no replie, but fetcht such a sigh, that
Echo made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an an-
swer with a piercing glance, that the amorous girls hop peritiously
Phoebe was pincht by the heele.

But leauing Phoebe to the follies of their new fancies, and Mon-
ianus to attend vpon her, to Saladine, who al this last night could
not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, insomuch that he framed a
sweete conceited sonnet to content his humors, which he put in his
bosome: bringer requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena
and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them that his wounds were not
dangerous. A more happie message could not happen to Saladine,
that taking his foprest-hill on his necke, hee studded in al haste to-
wards the plaine, where Alienaes flocke did feede: running iust
to the place, when they returned, from Monianus and Phoebe.
Fortune so conducted this iolly foprestier, that he encountred them
and Coridon, whom he presently saluted in this manner.

Uo faire Shepherdesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beauty be tem-
pered with rustesse: the lineaments of the face graced with the low-
linesse of mind: as many good fortunes to you & your page as your
selues can be like or imagine. My brother Rosader (in the griefe of his
greene wounds) still mindfull of his friends, hath sent mee to you
with a kind salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more
patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence hee
receiued his pteindes. The repose of your welfare, will be a great
comfort to his distempered body and distressed thoughts, and there-
fore sent mee with a stricke charge to visite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome, in that you are
messenger from so kinde a gentleman, whose paines wee com-
passionate with as great sorrow, as he brookes them with griefes
and his woundes breed in vs as many passions, as in him extre-
mitie: so that what disquiet he feelles in body, we partake in heart.

Wishing

Euphues

Wishing (if we might) that your mischance might salve his malady. But seeing our wils peeces him little ease, our caryons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recovery. I pray you (quoth Ganimede with teares in his eyes,) when the Surgeon leache him, helpe he his woundes dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine,) but not mortal: and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: wherupon my Brother hopes within these ten daies to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede,) say his Rosalynd commendeth her vnto him, and bid him be of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalynd is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions, he bleth Rosalynd as a charme to appease al sorowes with patience. Inasmuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue, and some Paragon that holden his heart perplexed: whose name he oft records with sighs, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles: as if in one person Loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherin I haue noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the Polype in coulours, so it changeth in sundry humors, beeing as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wapt in a sweet prejudice, like to the Sinople tree, whose blossoms delight the sight, and whose fruit infect the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena,) Sir, you are deepe read in Loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? How soeuer, you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discouer our secret aphorismes. But Sir, our Country amours are not like your Courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them til loue paine them, where the Countreys eyes is full of compassion, when his hart is most free from affection: they court to discouer their eloquence, we wooe to ease our sorowes; they faire face with them must haue a new fancie scaled with a sope-finger kisse; and a farre fetcht sigh, we heere loue one, and liue to that one, so long as life can maintaine Loue, but few Ceremonies, because we know few subtilties, and little eloquence for that we lightly account of flattery: only Faith and Truth, that a Shepheards wooing, and Sir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I could tie my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so low as a Shepheardselle, beeing the

golden Legacie.

the Sonne of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, such desires were a disgrace to your honour, and with that surueying exquisitely euerie partie of him, as uttering all these words in a deepe passion, he espied the paper in his bosome, whereupon growing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, he sodainely snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret: he was bashful, and Saladine blusht; which she perceiuing, said: Nay then sir, if you waxe red, my life for yours tis some loue matter: I see your mistris name, her praises, and your passions. And with that she lookt on it, which was written to this effect.

Saladines Sonnet.

If it be true that heauens eternall course,
With restlesse sway and ceaselesse turning glides,
If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse,
Turne and returnes with many fluent tydes.

If earth in winter summers pride e strange,
And nature seemeth onely faire in change.

If it be true that our immortall spright,
Deriude from heauenly pure, in wandring still,
In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,
And by discouerent power discerneth ill.

And if the body for to worke his best,
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest.

Whence comes it (that inforst by furious skies,)
I change both place and soyle, but not my heart:
Yet saue not in this change my ma'adies?
Whence growes it that each obiekt workes my smart?

Alas I see my faith procures my misse,
And change in loue against my nature is.

Et florida pungunt.

Aliena hauing read ouer the Sonnet, began thus pleasantly to descant vpon it, I see Saladine (quoth shee) that as the Sonne is no Sonne without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted for precious, vlesse it be hard: so men are no men vlesse they bee in

Euphues

lone : and their honours are measured by their amours not their labours, counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fancy, than full of vertue. I had thought,

*Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,
Centemque iacent, & sine luce faces.*

But I see Ouids axiome is not authentical, for even labour hath her loues, and extremitie is no Humilitie stone to race out fancy. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends and Cuntry by Torismond, (sorrowes enough to suppress the affection) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Love wil be Lord, and shew his power to be more predominant then Fortune. but I pray you Sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some olde desires? Saladine, that now saw opportunitie pleasant, thought to strike while the yron was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand, late downe by her: and Ganimede to giue them leaue to their loues, found her selfe busie about the foldest, whilst Saladine fel into this prattle with Aliena.

Faire Mistres, if I be blunt in discovering my affections, and vse little eloquence in leueling out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, shepheards vse few ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with few subtilties: to frame my selfe therfore to your cuntry fashion, with much faith and little flattery, know beautiful shepheardesse, that whilst I liued in the Court I knew not Loues rember, but I held affection as a toy, not as a malady: vsing fancie as the Hipe bore do their flowers, which they were in their bolome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuel at night. I liked all because I loued none, & who was most faire, on her I fed my eie, but as charily as the Bee, that as soone as she hath sucked honny from the Rose, straight flies to the next Marigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondered at such as were in loue, & when I read their passions, I tooke them only for poems, that flowed from the quicknes of their wit, not the sorrowes of their hart. But now faire Pumph, since I became a forrester, Love hath taught me such a lesson, & I must confesse his deitie & dignitie & say, as there is nothing so precious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing then fancy. For since first I arriued in this place, & mine eie tooke a curious suruey of your excellence, I haue bin so fettered with your beautie & vertue, as sweete (Aliena) Saladine without further circumstance

loues

golden Legacie.

Ioues Aliena. I could paint out my desires with long ambages, but seeing in many words lies mistrust, and that true this euer naked, let this suffice for Country wooing, Saladine loues Aliena, and none but Aliena. Although these words are most heauenly harmony in the eares of the Shepheardesse, yet to see me coy at the first courting, and to disdain Loue, howsoeuer she disdained loue, she made this reply.

Ah Saladine, though I seeme simple, yet am I more subtile then to swallow the hooke, because it hath a painted baite: as men are wile, so women are wary, especially if they haue that wit by others harmes to beware. Do we not know Saladine, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundred eyes: and their words are preiudicial as the charmes of Circes that transforme men into monsters: If such Syrens sing, we poore womē had need stop our eares, least in hearing, we proue so foolish hardy as to beleue them, & so perish in trusting much, and suspecting little. Saladine *Piscator ille sapit*, he that hath bin once poisoned, and afterward feares not to bowse of euery potion, is worthy to suffer double penance. Giue me leaue then to mistrust, though I do not condemn. Saladine is now in loue with Aliena, he a Gentleman of great parentage, she a Shepheardesse of meane parents: he honourable, and she poore: Can issue consist of contrarities? Will the Fawlcen pearch with the Kistresse, the Lion harbour with the Woolfe: will Venus ioyne robes and rags together? Or can there be a sympathy betweene a King and a beggar?

Then Saladine how can I beleue thee, that Loue should vnite our thoughts, when Fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alienaes beautie, men in their fancie resemble the waspe, which scoynes that flower from which she had fetcht her waxe: playing like the inhabitants of the Island Tenerifa, who when they haue gathered the sweet Spices, vse the trees for fuel: so men when they haue glutted themselves with the faire of womens faces, holde them for necessary evils, and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fanrie, as children do their Rattles: and loathing that which so deeply before they liked, especially such as take loue in a minute, and haue their eies attractive like Jet, apt to entertain any object, are as ready to let it slip againe. Saladine hearing how Aliena harpt stil vpon

Euphues

one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he broke off her sharpe inuective thus.

I grant Aliena (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in prouing soone ripe, and soone rotten, but particuler instances inferre no general conclusions: and therfore I hope what others haue faulted in, shal not preiudice my fauours. I wil not vse sophistry to confirme my loue, for that is subtilty: nor long discourses, least my wordes might be thought more then my faith: but if this wil suffice, that by the honoz of a gentleman I loue Aliena and wooe Aliena, not to crop the blossoms and reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithful desires, in the honorable end of marriage.

At this word marriage, Aliena stood in a maze what to answer: fearing, that if she were too coy to giue him away with her disdain, and if she were too curteous, to discover the heat of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to do, at last this she said. Saladine, euer since I saw thee, I fauoured thee, I cannot desemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking thee, I loue thee, so far as mine honoz holds fancy stil in suspense: but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as wel quallited as thy Brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for this time to giue thee an answer, assure thy selfe thus, I wil either marry with Saladine, or stil liue a virgine: & with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking he had had his mistris long enough at his, said: What, a match or no? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill marker. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) I would Rosader were here to make vp the messe. Well re-membred (quoth Saladine) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone, & therfore least being solitary he should encrease his sorowes, I wil haile me vnto him. May it please you then to commaund me any seruice to him, I am ready to be a dutiful messenger. Quely at this time commend me vnto him (quoth Aliena) and tel him, though we cannot pleasure him, we pray for him. And forget not, quoth Ganimede, my commendations: but say to him that Rosalynd sheds as many teares from her hart, as he droppes blood from his wounds, for his sorow of his misfortunes, feathering al his thoughts with disquiet, til his welfare procure her content: say thus (good Saladine) and so farewell. We hauing his message, gaue a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena and so playing toarch

golden Legacie.

to depart went to his brother.

But Aliena, the perplexed and yet ioyful, past away the day pleasantly, til praising the perfection of Saladine, not leaving to chat of her new loue, til euening drew on, & then they folding their sheep, went home to bed. Where we leaue them, and returne to Phoebe. Phoebe fiered with the uncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, so gauled with restless passions, as now she began to acknowledge, that there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the Sunne, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with Loue, could make amorous: for she that held Diana for the Goddess of her devotion, was now faine to flie to the Altar of Venus, as suppliant now with prayers, as she was froward afoze with disdain. As she lay in hir bed, she called to mind the seuerall beauties of young Ganymede, first his locks, which being Amber hued, passeth the weathe that Phcebus puts on to make his front glorious: his brow of Iuorie, was like the seat where loue and maiestie sits in throned to enchaine fancy, his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth flames with disdain, & smiles with fauour, lightning such looks as would enflame desire, were she wrapt in circle of the frozen Zone: in his cheekes the vermillion teinture of the rose florished vpon natural Alabastrer, the bluish of the Moone & Lunaes silver show were so liuely portrayed, that the Troian that fills out wine to Iupiter, was not halfe so beautiful: his face was full of pleasure, & all the rest of his linaments proportioned with such excellencie, as Phoebe was fettered in the sweetnes of his feature. The Idea of these perfections tumbling in her mind made the poore shepherdesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure compred with intollerable pained, and yet a disquiet mixed with content, she rather wished to die than to live in this amorous anguish. But wishing is little worth in such extremes, and therefore was she fozt to pine in her maladie, without any salue for her sorrows. Reueale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie, and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: for as fire suppress, growes to the greater flame, and the current stopp to the more violent streame, so Loue smothered, wings the hart with deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her soone began to faile, and the disquiet of her minde began to worke a distemperature of

her bodie, that to be short, Phoebe fel extreame sicke, and so sicke, as there was almost lest no recovery of hir health. Her father seeing his faire Phoebe thus distressed, sent for his friends, who sought by medicine to cure, and by counsel to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long fasting, and yet she *magis egrotare animo quam corpore*: Which her friends perceiued, and sorrowed at, but saue it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was byuted abroade through all the Forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man came to visit Phoebe. Where sitting by her bed side, he began his exordium with many teares and sighes, that she perceiuing the extremitie of his sorowes, began now as a louer to pittie them, although Ganimede helper her from redressing them. Montanus craued to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempered with secret plaints, but she answered him and the rest with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her mind, and coniecturing how she might reueale her loues. To vtter them in words she found her selfe too bashful: to discourse by any friend, she would not trust any in her amors, to remain thus perplexed still, and conceale al, it was a double death. Whereupon for her last refuge, she resolved to write to Ganimede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for she would see if she could steale a nap. He was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her standish, she tooke pen and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

Phoebe to Ganimede, wisheth what she wants
her selfe.

Faire Shepheards (therefore is Phoebe unfortunate, because thou art faire,) although hitherto mine eyes were Adamants, to resist loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to entertaine loue, more deuoted to fangie, then before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, & drawne to the other by beautie: which being rare, and made the more excellent by manie vertues, hath so snared the freedom of Phoebe, as she rests at thy merke, either to be made the most fortunate of all maidens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganimede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degree: but thinke my thought as full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauors. When as thou knowest thy

golden Legacie.

thy selfe most beautiful, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest me hard harted because I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by fate : if thou saist I am kindehearted, because so lightly I loved thee at the first looke, thinke I was driuen to it by destinie, whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate loue, I would strue with fortune, but he that wrestles against the wil of Venus, seeks to quench fire with oyle, & to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If Ganimede, loue enters at the eye, harbors in the heart, & wil neither be driuen out with phisick nor reason, pittie me, as one whose malady hath no salue, but from thy sweet selfe, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy grant, & I thinke I am a virgin who is deeply wronged, when I am forst to woo & coniecture loue to be so strong, that is more forcible then nature. Thus distressed, vnlesse by thee eased, I respect either to liue fortunately by thy fauour, or die miserably by thy denial. *Living in hope. Farewell.*

She that must be thine,
or not at all, *Phoebe.*

To this letter she annexed this Sonnet.

Sonnetto.

My boate doth p[er]sse the straights,

of seas incens't with fire,

Fild with forgetfulnesse,

Amidst the winters night.

A blind and carelesse boy,

(brought yp by fond desire,)

Doth guide me in the sea,

offorrow and despight.

For euerie oare, he sets

a ranke of foolish thoughts,

And cuts (in steede of waue)

a hope without distresse,

The winds of my deep sighes,

(that thunder still for nought,)

Haue split my sailes with feare,

with care and heauinesse,

Euphuos log

A mightie storme of teares,
 A blacke and hideous clowde,
 A thousand fierce disdaines,
 Do sicke the halcyons oft,
 Till ignorance do pull,
 And error hale the throwds,
 No starre for safetie shines,
 No *Phoebe* from aloft.

Time hath subdued art, and ioy is slave to woe,
 Alas (*Loue-guide*) be kind, what shall I perish so?

This letter and the Sonnet being ended, shee could finde no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore she called Montanus, and intreated him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a litle hole, & did perceiue what passion pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his mistris small seruice). hee disguised the matter, & became a willing messenger of his own marriage, and so (taking the letter) went the next moone verie early to the plains where Aliana fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede sitting vnder a Pomegranate tree, sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came from *Phoebe*. At this the wanton blusht, as being abashd to thinke what newes should come from an vnknowne shepheardesse, but taking the letters, vnrapt the scales, & read ouer the discourse of *Phoebes* fantasies. When shee had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede began to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, & with that called Aliana, to whom she shewed the writings, who hauing perused them, conceited them verie pleasantly, and smiled to see how *Loue* had yoked him, who befoze would not sloop to the lure: Aliana whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying. Knew *Phoebe* what want there were in thee to performe her wil, and how vnfit thy kind is to be kind to her, she would be moze wise, & lesse enamored: But leauing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this swaine. At this word, Ganimede turning to Montanus, beganne to glaunce at him thus. I pray thee tel me shepheard, by those sweete thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from thy mistris fauours, art thou in loue with *Phoebe*? Oh my paith, quoth Montanus, were *Phoebe*

golden Legacie

so far in loue with me, my flockes would be moze fat, & their master moze quiet: for thogh the sorrows of my discontent, grows the lean-nesse of my sheepe. Alas poore swaine, qd Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason wil blemish the pride of thy affection, & race out that which thou strivest for with out hope: Nothing can make me forget Phoebe, whilst Montanus forget himselfe: for those characters true loue hath stamped, neither the enuy of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Montanus qd Ganimede, enter with a deep insight into the dispaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue, is a regresse to losse, swimming against the stream with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against wind & weather. Thou seekest with Phoebeus to win Daphne, & she flies faster then thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the Hobby, but her disdain reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tel thee Montanus, in courting Phoebe, thou barkest with the wolues of Syria against the moone, and rouest at such a marke with thy thoughtes, as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pitiless, and thy malady premeditates. For prooue Montanus, reade these Letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus took them and pursued them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed some of confused passions in his hart, at euery line his colour changed, and euery sentence was ended with a period of sighs.

At last noting Phoebes extreame desire towards Ganimede, and her disdain towards him, giuing Ganimede the letter, the shepheard doode as though he had neither wonne nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiuing, wakened him out of his dreame thus: Now Montanus, dost thou see thou vowest great seruice, and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyalty, she makes thee as Bellephoron, carry thine own bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wher in thou knowest is popson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus, there are many as faire as Phoebe, but most of all moze curteous then Phoebe, I tell thee shepheard, fauour is louses fewell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoke, and rather sorrow for a while, than repent thee for euer. I tel thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus, as they which are stung with the scorpion, can not be recovered but by the scorpion, nor hee that

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was

Euphues

was wounded with Achilles lance, be cured but with the same truncheon: so Apollo was slain to cry out, that loue only eales with loue, and fancy healed by no medicine but fauour: Phœbus had herbs to heale all hurts but this passion, Circes had charmes for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtle reasons to resel al griefs but loue. Perswasions are bootlesse, reasons lend no remedy, counsel no comfort, to such whom fancy hath made resolute: and therefore though Phœbe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honour none but Phœbe.

Then quod Ganimede, may I rightly terme thee a despairing lover, that liuest without ioy, and louest without hope: but what shal I do Montanus to pleasure thee: shal I disdain Phœbe as she disdaineth thee: Oh (quod Montanus) that were to renew my griefs, and double my sorowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas Ganimede, though I perish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient: then let not so faire a creature as Phœbe sincke vnder the burthen of so deepe distresse. Being louelike, she is proued heartlike, and al for the beutie of Ganimede. Thy portion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beutie of thy excellence. Then sicke she loues thee so deere, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a Paragon, she hath beutie to please thine eye, and stocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt win by her: for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthy, three deepe perswasions to make loue srolike. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phœbe, answered him thus. Why Montanus dost thou further this motion: leing if Ganimede marry Phœbe, thy market is cleane marred.

Oh mistress (quoth he) so hath loue taught me to honor Phœbes, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire, rather than she should perish for want. It shal suffice mee to see her contented, and to feed mine eye on her fauor. If she marry, though it be my martirdome, yet if she be pleased, Ile brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne stats to see hir desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganimede be as curteous as he is beautifull, let him shewe his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounced with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loues: for that they pitied his
passions,

golden Legacie

passions, and commended his patience, deuising how they might by
 any subtiltie get Montanus the fauor of Phoebe. Strait (as womens
 heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phoebe to
 fancie the shepherd, malgrado the resolution of her minde, he pro-
 secuted his pallie thus. Montanus quoth he, seeing Phoebe is so
 forlorne, lest I might be counted unkinde, in not saluting so faire a
 creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebe, and there heare her selfe in
 word better than which she hath discoursed with her pen, & then as loue
 wils me, I will let downe my censure. I wil home to our house, and
 send Coridon to accompanie Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his
 determination, and away they got towards the house of Phoebe.
 When they were nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran before & went
 in and tolde Phoebe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This word
 Ganimede sounding in the eares of Phoebe, drew her into such an
 extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuiued, and
 her wanne colour beganne to waxe red: and with that came Gani-
 mede in, who saluted Phoebe with such a curteous looke, that it
 was halfe a salve to her sorowes: sitting him downe by her bedde
 side, he questioned about her disease, & where the paine chiefly helde
 her. Phoebe looking as louely as Venus in her night gaire, taint-
 ing her face with as ruddy a blush as Celia did when she bewrapped
 her loues to Phoebus, taking Ganimede by the hand, began thus.
 Faire Shepherd, if loue were not moze strong than nature, or fancie
 the sharpest extreame, my immobility were the moze, and my ver-
 tues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their
 hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: But loue, that
 imperious loue, where his power is predominant, then he peruer-
 ses al, and weasels the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance
 in my selfe faire Ganimede, for such a fire hath hee kindled in my
 thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the
 bounds of modesty, and seeke the salve at thy hands for my harmes:
 blamie me not if I be ouer bolde, for it is thy beautie, and if I be too
 forward, it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that doe
 make me thus fond. For lette me say in a worde what may be con-
 tained in a volume, Phoebe, loue Ganimede, at this shee helde
 downe her head and wept, and Ganimede rose as one that would
 suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Neuer not
 thy plaintes Phoebe, for I doe pittie thy plaintes, nor seeke not

Euphues

to disc. uer thy loues in teares : for I coniecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salue for loues, nor sighs no remedy for affliction. Therefore frolike Phoebe, for if Ganymede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieued me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue been so resolute, and his thoughts so lopall : but thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate, so I tell thee Phoebe, either some star, or some destiny sits my mind rather with Adonis to die in chase, than be counted a wanton on Venus knee. Though I pity thy martirdom, yet cannot I graunt marriage, for although I holde thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered, loue growes not like the herb Spattanna to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snail, and yet at last attaines to the top *Festina lentèr*, especially in loue, for momentary fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies : If (Phoebe) I should like thee as the Hiperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my loues shall grow by as the water-cresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe thou wast see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, til time and loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phoebe seeke not to suppress affection, and with the loue of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganymede, strive thou to hate me as I seek to like of thee, and euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy mind, for wel mayest thou haue one more wealthy, but not more lopall. These words were consolations to the perplexed Phoebe, that sobbing out sighs, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then haue no salue of Ganymede but suspence, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of time: Iust haue the gods ballanced my fortunes, who being cruell to Montanus, found Ganymede as vni kinde to my selfe : so in forgiuing him to perish for loue, I shall die my selfe withouer much loue. I am glad quoth Ganymede, you looke into your owne fautes, and see where your thowmings you, measuring now the paines of Montanus by your owne passions. True quoth Phoebe, and so deeply I repent mee of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganymede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganymede,

golden Legacie.

Ganimede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason, qd she,
 both quench that loue that I owe owe to thee, then will I saury him
 conditionally, that if my loue can be suppress with no reason, as be-
 ing without reason, Ganimede wil only wed himseffe to Phoebe. I
 grant it faire shepherdesse, quoth he, and to feed thee with the sweet-
 nesse of hope, this resolue on: I wil neuer marry my seife to woman
 but to thy seife: and with that Ganimede gaue Phoebe a fruitlesse
 kisse, and such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed,
 she arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheere as
 could be found in such a country cottage. Ganimede in the midst
 of their banquet, rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus fa-
 uour, which highly pleased the sheheard. Thus all three content,
 and soothed by in hope, Ganimede tooke his leaue of Phoebe and
 departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly
 pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader,
 calling to remembrance his wounds, filld her eyes full of teares, & her
 heart full of sorowes, plodded to find Aliena at the folds, thinking
 with her presence to drive away her passions. As she came on the
 plaines, she might espie where Rosader and Saladine sate with Ali-
 ena vnder the shade: which sight was a salve to her grieffe, and such a
 ray of light vnto her heart, that she tript amongst the lawnes full of
 ioy. At last, Coridon who was with them, spied Ganimede, & with
 that the clowne rose, & running to meet him, cried, O sirra, a match,
 a match, our mistris shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore
 peasant frolikt it before Ganimede, who coming to the crew, saluted
 them al, & especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so
 wel recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroade so soone, qd.
 Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on sunday next
 must be solemnized, betweene my brother & Aliena. I see wel where
 loue leads, delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serues where
 both parties are willing. Truth qd Ganimede, but what a happie
 day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalind?
 Ah good Ganimede quoth he, by naming Rosalind, renew not my
 sorowes for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my mi-
 series. Tush, be of good cheere man qd Ganimede, I haue a friend
 that is deeply experienced in Negromantie and Magicke, that Arre
 can doe, shall be acted for thine aduantage. I will cause to bring in
 Rosalinde, if either Fraunce or any bordering Nation harbour
 her,

Euphues

her, and upon that take the fault of a pong Shepheard. Aliens smiled to see how Rosader frowned; thinking that Gerismond had ielled with him. But breaking off from those matters, the page somewhat pleasant, beganne to discourse vnto them what had passed betweene him and Phoebe: which as they laugh, so they wondered at al, confessing that there is none so chaste but loue wil change. Thus they passed away the day in chat, and when the sunne beganne to set, they tooke their leaues, and departed: Aliens providing for their marriage day such solemne cheere and handsome robes as fitted their country state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest, Ganimede (who then meant to discover herselfe before her father, had made her a gowne of Greene, and a kirtle of the finest fendall, in such sort that she seemed some heauenly Pymph harboured in country attire.

Saladine was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader vnmindful to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and al his followers to the feast: who willingly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the mean while, Phoebe being a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede: and Montanus sued himselfe with the rest of many of his flockes to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede to giue Phoebe an answer of her loues, and Montanus, either to heare the doome of his misery, or the censure of his happines. But as this heere was a brewing, Phoebe passed not a day without visiting her Ganimede, so far was she wapt in the brutie of this loue lie swaine. Much prattle they had, & discourse of many passions. Phoebe wished for the day (as she thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to thinke what v unexpected euent would fall out at the wedding. In these humors passed the weeke, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phoebus hench-man appeare in the skie, to giue warning that his maisters horses shoulde be trapped in his glorious coach, but Coridon in his holiday sute marvellous seemely, in a russet iacket welted with the same, and faced with redde velvet, hauing a paire of Chamblet sleeves, bounde at the wristles with foure yellow laces, closed afoze very richly with a dozen of Pewter buttons: his hose was of gray Karsie, with a large flop, garded ouer thwart the pocket holes with three faire guardes, stitche of spher sive with Red thred: his stocke was of the olune, sewed close to
his

golden Legacie.

his speech, and for to beautifie his hose, he had trustt himselfe round with a dosen of new chepen points of medly colour: his bonnet greene, whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of Saint Denis, and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old daies, he had a faire shirt-band of fine Lockera, whipt ouer with Co- uentry blew of no smal cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floras choice bowers, than any Country cottage.

Thither repaired, Phoebe with al the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in most seemely sort that might be, but howsoeuer she helpt to prāk out A'iena, yet her eie was still on Ganimedē, who was so neare in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when he wonne Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Pimph Oenone. Ganimedē like a praty Page waited on his Mistres Aliena, and ouerlookt that al was in readines against the bridegroom should come. Who attird in a Forresters sute, came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena & the rest of the Country swaines, Gerismond very highly cōmending the fortunate choyce of Saladin, in that he had chosen a shephearde'sse whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties, being no lesse faire then seeming modest. Ganimedē comming in, and seeing her father, began to blub. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could she abtaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royal pallace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a troope of re- uelling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimedē full of sorowes: yet that she might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reuerently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qua- lities.

As thus the King with his Forresters frolickt it amongst the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire Pazer full of Sivar, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that he

Euphues

he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard very kindly, drin-
king to Aliena and the rest of her faire maids, among whom Phoe-
be was the foremost. Aliena pledged the king, & dranke to Rosader
so the carowle went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were
thus drinking and ready to goe to church, came in Montanus, appa-
relled all in raiety, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee
wore a garland of willow, his bottle hangd by his side, wheron was
painted despaire, and on his sheephooke hung two Sonnets, as la-
bels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as ful of griefe, as
his heart was of sorrows, shewing in his countenance the map of ex-
tremities. The shepheards seeing him, did him all the honour they
could, as being the flower of al the Swaines in Arden: for a boni-
er boy was there not seene since the wanton wag of Tropy, that kept
sheep in Ida. He seeing the king, and gessing it to be Gerismond, did
him al the reuerence his country curtellie could afford: insomuch that
the K. wondring at his attire, demaunded what he was. Montanus
ouer-hearing him, made this reply. I am, as he, Loues swaine, as
ful of inward discontentes as I seeme fraught with outward follies.
My eyes like bees delight in sweet floures, but sucking their fill on
the faire of beauty, they carry home to the hieue of my heart, far more
gall than hony, and for one drop of pure dew, a tunne ful of deadly
Aconiton. I hunt with the flie to pursue the egle, that flying too nee-
the sun, I perish with the sunne: my thoughts are about my reach, &
my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greter than my loues.
But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe
the meane, I die for being so meane, my night sleeps are waking stub-
bers, as ful of sorrows as they be far from rest, and my days labors
are fruitlesse amors, staring at a starre, and stumbling at a strawe,
leaving reason to solow after repentance: yet euery passion is a plea-
sure, though it pinch, because loue hides his worme seede in figs, his
paysons in sweet potions, and shadowes preturice with the maske of
plesure. The wisest counsellors are my deepe discontentes, and I hate
that which should solue my harme, like the patient which stung with
the Tarantula, loathes musicke, and yet the discaise incurable but by
melody. Thus sit, restlesse I hold my selfe remedilesse, as louing
without either reward or regard, & yet louing, because there is none
worthy to be loued, but the mistress of my thoughts. And that I am

golden Legacie.

as full of passions as I haue discoursed in my plaints, sit if you please,
see my sonnets, and by them censure of my sorowes.

These words of Montanus, brought the King into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that hee tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth find access:
But where the melancholic fleeing floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarmed of reason, spoyld of natures goods,
Without redresse to salve my heauinesse.

I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,

With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.)

My silent tongue assailed by secret feare,
My traitorous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,
My fatall peace deuoured in fained cheere,
My heart inforced to harbour in annoy,
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinions slaue to euerie toye.

Oh loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way,

Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida prouunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the Shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shadow, & so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haire their shadowes, so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kind were as charie of loue as a king. Whetted on with this deuice, he tooke the second and read it, the effects were these.

Montanus second Sonnet.

When the Dog

Full of rage

With his ireful eies

Frownes amidst the skies:

The shepheards to assuage,

The furie of the heate,

Himselfe doth safely seate,

By a fount

Full of faire,

Where a gentle breath

Mounting from beneath,

Tempereth the aire,

There his flockes,

Drinke their fill.

O

And

Euphues

And with ease repose,
Whilſt ſweet ſleep doth cloſe
Eyes from toyling ill.
But I burne
Without reſt,
No deſenſive power,
Shields from Phœbes lower:
Sorrow is my beſt,
Gentle Love
Lowre no more:

If thou wilt invade,
In the ſecret ſhade,
Labour not ſo ſore,
I my ſelte
And my flocks
They their loue to pleaſe,
I my ſelfe to eaſe,
Both leaue the ſhady oakes
Content to burne in fire,
Sith loue doth ſo deſire.

Et florida pinguet.

Gerismond ſeeing the pittie vaine of thoſe ſonnets, began to make further enquirie what he was: wherupō Roſader diſcourſt vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loialty, & her great cruelty, & how in reuenge the gods had made the curious nimph amorous of pong Ganimede. Upō this diſcourſe the king was deſirous to ſee Phœbe, who being brought before Gerismond by Roſader, ſhadowed the beauty of her face with ſuch a vermillion teinture, & the kings eyes began to dazle at the beautie of her excellence. After Gerismond had ſed his looks a while vpon her faire, he questioned with her why ſhee rewarded Montanus loue with ſo little regard, ſeeing his ſecrets were many, and his paſſions extreame. Phœbe to make replie to the kings demand, answered thus. Loue (ſir) is charity in his lawe, & whatſoever he ſets down for iuſtice, be it neuer ſo vniuſt) the ſentence cannot be reuerſt, womens fancies lend fauours not euer by deſert, but as they are inſoſt by their deſires: for fancie is tied to the wings of fate, and what the ſtarres decree, ſtands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wiſe, and womens cares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly eſcaping the charme of a pleaſant tongue, as Vlyſſes the melodie of Syrens. Montanus is beautifull, and womens eſes are ſnared in the excellence of the objects, as deſirous to feede their looks with a face faire, as the Bee to ſucke the ſweet flower, Montanus, is wealthie, and an ounce of giue me, perſwades a woman more then a pound of beare me.

Danae was won with a golden ſhower, when ſhe could not bee gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter, I tell you ſir, the ſtring of a womans heart reacheth to the pulſe of her hand, and lette a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but ſhe wil proue his hearts gold.

Montanus

golden Legacie.

Montanus is pong, a great clause in fancies Court : Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that loue yeelds, and yet knowing al these perfections, I praise them and wonder at them, louing the quallities, but not affecting the person, because the Destinies haue set down a contrary censure. Yet Venus to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sauce, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as il a penance : for I am in loue with a shepheards swaine, as coy to me, as I am cruel to Montanus, as peremptory in disdaine, as I was peruerse in desire, and that is, q. the Alienaes page, pong Ganimede.

Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the Chrystal of his face with a ruddy brightnesse. The King noting wel the phisnomie of Ganimede, began by his fauours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deep sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so soze. Because Rosader quoth he, the fauour of Ganimede puts me in mind of Rosalynd. At this word, Rosader sighed so deeply as though his hart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quite me with such a sigh? Pardon me sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd. And vpon that conditon, q. Gerismond, that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a mariage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head, and smild vpon Ganimede, and she could scarce keepe countenance. Yet she salued al with secrecie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumps, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes loue, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, if I should affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer pooze Montanus great wrong, to win that from him in a momēt that he hath labored for so many moneths. Yet haue I promised to the beautiful shepheardesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with this promise, that if I can with reason suppress Phœbes loue towards me, she shal like of none but of Montanus. To that q. Phœbe I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it wil admit no perswasion of reason. For iustice quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand quoth Phœbe. And in pour victorie q. Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortune : for if Ganimede

Euphues

go away with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit Ioues Monarch : if Phoebe win, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controuersie q. Gerismond, & then we wil to Church, therfore Ganimede let vs heare your argument. May, pardō my absence a while q. she, and you shal see one in store. In went Ganimede and dyest her selfe in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of ritch sandal, so quaint, that she seemed Diara triumphing in the forrest : vpon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora peake in the pride of al her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalynd in and presented herselfe at her fathers feete, with her eies full of teares, crauing his blessing, and discoursing vnto him al her fortunes, how she was banished by Iorismond, and how euer since she liued in that cuntry disguised. Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, & fel vpon her necke, uttering the passions of his ioy in watery plants, driuen into such an extasie of content that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and iopful, I referre my selfe to the iudgment of such as haue experience in loue, & seeing his Rosalynd before his face, whom so long and so deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his sprits, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questiōs demanding of her what had past between her and Rosader. So much sir, q. she, as there wants nothing but your grace to make by the marriage. Why then q. Gerismond, Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brother and thy nuptial. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, & embraced his Rosalynd, who turning to Phoebe, demaunded if she had shewed sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loues. Yea, q. Phoebe, and so great a perswasive, that if it please you Madam and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I wil make this day the third couple in marriage. She had no sooner spoke this word, but Montanus threw away his Garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted despaire, and cast his Sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hanseled his Loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded, that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladine stand in a dumpt, to wake him from his dreame, began thus. Why how now my Saladine al a most, what melancholy man at the day of marriage ?
perchance

golden Legacie.

perchance thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy Mothers high fortunes, and thine own base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardesse. Cheere vp thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a king, for now Saladine, I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemy Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vp, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said. Is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court to liue with thee exiled in the countrey? The same yd. Alinda. Then yd. Gerismond, turning to Saladine, iolly forrest he frolicke, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent; thou hast got a princeesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beautie won, quoth Saladine, an humble seruant, as full of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at these Comical euent, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and carried their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of the country swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnely solemnized. As soone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made al things in readines. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the bride set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladine, & Montanus that day were seruitors, homely cheere they had, such as their countrey could afford, but to amend their fare they had mickle good chat, many discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them merrie, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song.

Coridons song.

A blithe and bonny country Lasse,

heigh ho bonny Lasse,

Sate sighing on the tender grasse:

and weeping said, wil none come woo me.

A smicker boy, a lither swaine,

heigh ho a smicker swaine:

That in his loue was wanton faine,

with smiling lookes strait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,

high ho, when she espide;

Euphues

The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
 she simpred smooth like bonny bell:
 The swaine that sawe her squint-eyed kind,
 heigh ho squint-eyed kind,
 His armes about her body twind,
 and faire Lasse, how fare ye, well.

The country kit said well forsooth,
 heigh ho well forsooth,
 But that I haue a longing tooth,
 a longing tooth that makes me crie:
 Alas said he what garres thy griefe,
 heigh ho what garres thy griefe,
 A wound quoth she without reliefe,
 I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the shepheard saide,
 heigh ho the shepheard said,
 Ile make thee wine it gentle maide,
 and so recure thy maladie:
 Hereon they kist with many a oath,
 heigh ho with many a oath,
 And fore God *Pan* did plight their troath,
 and to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send euerie prettie peate,
 heigh ho the prettie peate,
 That feares to die of this conceit,
 so kind a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon haing thus made them merrie, as they were in the midst of their iollitie, word was brought to Saladine and Rosader, that a boether of theirs, one Fernandine was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ourearing this newes, demaunded who it was: It is sir, q. Rosader, my middle brother, & liues a scholar in Paris, but what fortune hath giuen him to seek vs out I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom he welcomed with al currelle, & Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor, where they

golden Legacie.

they al sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many maners as he could points of sophistrie, and was as wel brought by as wel lettered, saluted them al. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his kneer he did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: & with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (right mightie prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craues another course, & therefore from daintie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, leaue off your amors and sal to armes, change your loues into lances, & now this day shew your selues baliant, as hitherto you haue bin passionate. For know Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forrest, þ twelve Peeres of France are by in armes to recouer thy right, & Torismond troupe with a crew of desperate runnagates, is readie to bid them battaile. The armies are readie to ioyne, therfore shew thy selfe in the fielde to encourage thy subiects: and you Saladine and Rosader, mounce you, & shew your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue bin harte sakers, so that you for the benefit of your cuntry, discover the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, & pꝛoue chilozen worthy of so honorable a parent. At this alarū given him by Fernandine, Gerismond leapt fro the boord, & Saladine & Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay q. Gerismond, go with me, I haue horse and armor for vs al, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that wee carry reuenge & honor at our sauchons poynts. Thus they leane the bydes ful of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to hir father, he not returning a word because his haste was great, bied him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine & Rosader horse & armor, & himself armed royally, led the way, not hauing ridden twou leagues before they discovered where in a ballie both the battailes were ioynd. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there, and cried S. Denis, laying on such load vpo his enimies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crowne. When þ peeres perceiued that their lawful king was there, they were more sager: & Saladine & Rosader so behaued themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide þ furie of their weapons. To be short, þ peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, & himself slain in battaile. The peeres the gathered the selues togither, & saluted the king, conducted him royally into Paris, wher he was receiued w great ioy of al þ citizens.

Altoone

Euphues log.

Altho' all was quiet, and he had receiv'd againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the court, Alinda being very passionate for the death of her father: yet brooking it with the more patience, in that shee was contented with the welfare of her Saladine. Well assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for all the Peeres and the Lords of his land, which continued thirtie daies, in which time summoning a Parliament, by the content of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome, and restor'd Saladine to his fathers land, and gave him the Dukedom of Namures, he made Fernandine principall Secretarie to himselfe, and that fortune might euerie way seeme frolike, made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden: Adam Spencee Capitaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon master of Alindas flocks.

Here Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incur much prejudice, that division in nature, as it is a blemish in nature, so is a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that younger brethren, though inferior in yeares, yet may be superiour in honours, that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt two brothers more forcible then fortune. If you gather any fruit by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and for fetching it. If you grace me with that favour, you encourage me to be more forward: and assoone as I haue over-taken my labours, expect the Sailers Kalender.

FINIS.

Th. Lodge.

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